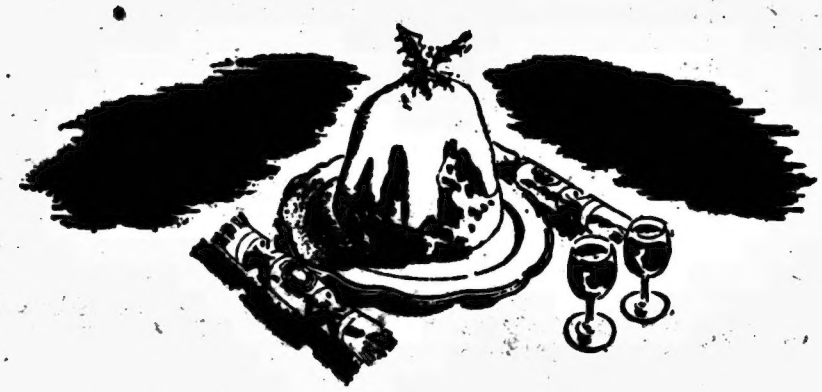
JOHN BULL

VOL. LXVIII 1800

AIR RAIDS £3,700 MORE CLAIMS PAID

BLOOD AND MONEY By the EDITOR

HITLER'S PROBLEMS NOW By A.G.G.



Putting "three × three" together, buys a bottle of the best

Though Christmas fare is rationed, good wine will give it zest

PER 3/3 BOTTLE

**that's the POINT*

Of *course* we shall keep up Christmas however short the holiday and of course we will send presents, however prudent and practical! Point provides for gifts and festivities too. At 3/3d. the full-sized bottle and with all the goodness of finest imported grape juice, Red Point is still one of the good things we needn't go short of.

RED POINT

Rich Ruby Wine

RED POINT *is a rich ruby wine of Port character. You should also try* WHITE POINT *a white sweet wine of Port character and* AMBER POINT *—the* BRITISH *Sherry. Both at the same price of 3/3d. a bottle.*

PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY VINE PRODUCTS LTD KINGSTON SURREY

THIS IS A WARTIME CHRISTMAS. *If you want to give your letters and parcels a reasonable chance of arriving in time*

POST NOW

BUT NOT LATER THAN DEC. 18.

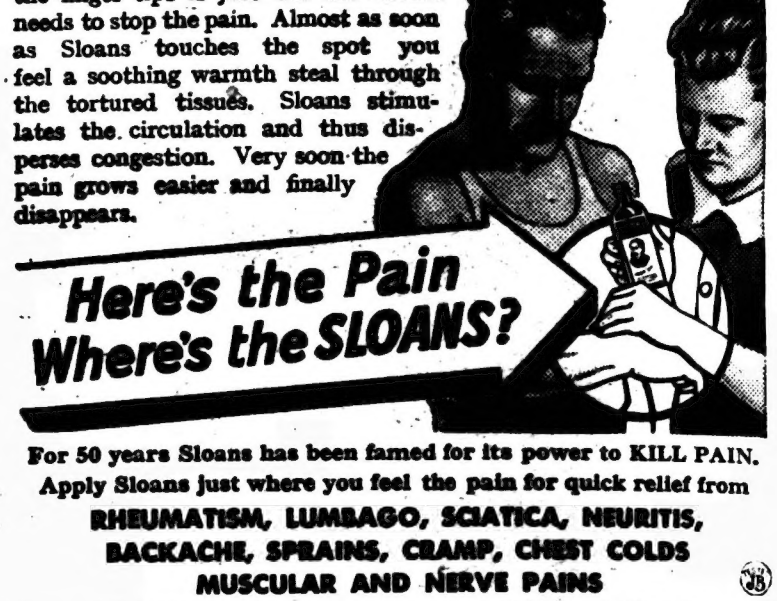
LAST MINUTE HINT. It will save you trouble and lighten the postman's load (besides giving a lot of pleasure and helping your country) if you send National Savings Gift Tokens. Buy them at any Money Order Post Office.

GPO

Rheumatism

PAIN fades out as SLOANS soaks in

For fifty years Sloans Liniment has been world-famed for its power to master Rheumatic Aches and Pains. A few drops of Sloans gently spread over the painful part with the finger tips is just the aid Nature needs to stop the pain. Almost as soon as Sloans touches the spot you feel a soothing warmth steal through the tortured tissues. Sloans stimulates the circulation and thus disperses congestion. Very soon the pain grows easier and finally disappears.

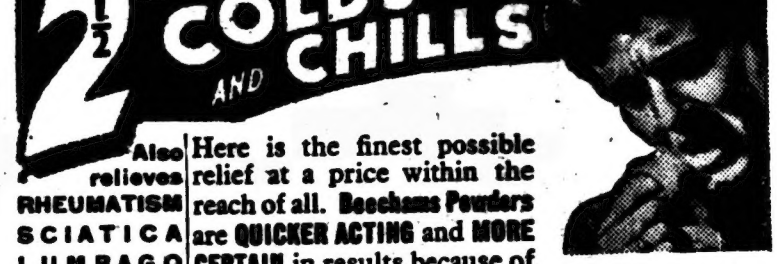


For 50 years Sloans has been famed for its power to KILL PAIN. Apply Sloans just where you feel the pain for quick relief from

RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, NEURITIS, BACKACHE, SPRAINS, CRAMP, CHEST COLDS MUSCULAR AND NERVE PAINS

Get a bottle of Sloans Liniment today. Sold by all Chemists.

SLOANS *Liniment* **KILLS PAIN**



Also relieves RHEUMATISM SCIATICA LUMBAGO HEADACHE TOOTHACHE 'FLU PAIN

Here is the finest possible relief at a price within the reach of all. **Beechams Powders** are **QUICKER ACTING** and **MORE CERTAIN** in results because of their special powder form. Pleasant to take. Priceless in results. They also soothe shaky nerves, banish sleeplessness and act as a speedy tonic.

Cartons of 8 Powders 1/3. Single Powders 2½d. each. Not Laxative. Sold Everywhere. A Beecham Product.

BEECHAMS Brand **POWDERS** ACT LIKE MAGIC

BONUS NOW GIVEN!.. and SIXIT CLUB PAYS YOUR EXTRA POSTAGE

YOU CAN RUN A SIXIT CLUB

Stop Worrying—The Sixit Club will meet your need in war-time as in Peace! Go ahead with our Clubs—you can easily organise them. Your family or friends will provide all the members you need. NOW is the right time to start and it takes only six members and six weeks to complete a club. Clothes and household goods at amazing bargain prices! Whether at home or evacuated, you are amongst people who will be glad to join a Sixit Club.

HIGHEST POSSIBLE COMMISSION

S.I.T IT'S SO EASY! EVERY 6 WEEKS. Send COUPON NOW for Big Catalogue—It's FREE!

COUPON: To GEO. DAY LTD. (D 1231) Grosvenor Street, Manchester, 1. Please send me a FREE copy of the SIXIT Catalogue.

Name .....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)
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(Post in unsealed envelope, ½d. stamp.)

6 MEMBERS COMMISSION IN 6 WEEKS

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, December 14, 1940.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

GAPS IN OUR ARMOUR

TWO vital decisions must be made.

Should we take the offensive in Egypt? Military experts think so.

Can Italy be knocked out of the war; Albania made a "back door" through which we can strike at Germany?

Mr. Amery is not the only Minister who echoes JOHN BULL'S "Yes."

These decisions will be made by the Cabinet according to our ability to enforce them.

America's Pinnacle

But action is wanted on the Home Front, too. We have had enough speeches.

We cannot fight wars abroad unless we get arms production at home. And production is good, but not good enough.

Mr. Arthur Greenwood, super-chief of production, admits it.

President Roosevelt utters another warning to our back-slappers He tells us that American aid to Britain has reached its peak for the moment.

They Did Marvels

We must not depend on the United States to make good our deficiencies. We must not expect what United States cannot give.

Our Ministers—particularly Morrison, Bevin and Beaverbrook—did marvels in a few months.

Losses at Dunkirk were made good. Hosts of new aircraft soared into the skies. Shop assistants were turned into shell-makers.

Why, then, the trouble now?

Long-Range Plans

This is the reason.

Efforts were concentrated on immediate needs. Rightly so. But no long-range plans could be made for the future.

So now we are in the phase between the end of that short-term policy and the start of a long-term one.

Maybe it would start better if we had a G.O.C. Home Front (see "Without Fear or Favour," page 5) —a leader to co-ordinate our efforts, to see that the Cabinet's orders are carried out.

Industrial Slackers

"Go to It," cries Herbert Morrison. But who is there to see that industry doesn't slack?

One steelworks has a normal output of 2,500 tons. Sometimes it falls to 1,500 tons; the average is 1,700 tons.

This drop in war production is due to the flues not having been cleaned for eighteen months.

Workers have pointed this out to the management

They have been rebuffed.

Wasting Time

"One day's holiday at Christmas," orders Lord Beaverbrook.

Factory making aircraft propellers is closing down from December 24 to December 30.

A forging mill makes its workers take one day off a week. Last week, two shifts were lost because of gas failure

But the men had to take another day off, as usual, despite their protests.

Into the Post Office

"Make munitions," Ernest Bevin appeals to women.

Four Liverpool girls rallied to the call. Their employment exchange had no knowledge of Mr. Bevin's scheme.

A Derby woman, who worked three years for Rolls-Royce in the last war, also applied. She has just been offered a fortnight's temporary job in the Post Office.

Left-Handed Policy

A young man served eleven weeks in a training workshop, was then passed into the drawing office

After two days there, he was thrown back to the "dole" because it was suddenly discovered that he was left-handed.

One great firm producing important war essentials is on short time. Yet there is no lack of materials.

Such complaints are common in our postbag—the country's best index to production.

Stupid Officialdom

They prove that our Ministers are betrayed by stupid officials and pig-headed industrialists.

We see that such letters reach the Ministers concerned. But that is not enough.

We should not receive so many grave complaints.

There should be a better system of inspection.

There should be co-ordination.

£3,700 MORE CLAIMS PAID

Under "John Bull's" Free Air Raid Insurance

A £200 POLICY—UNDERWRITTEN AT LLOYD'S—FOR EVERY READER

Registration Forms can be obtained on application by postcard (revised postage 2d.) to "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *See page 7.*

MYSTERY

R.A.F. attacks are expected to grow heavier in the New Year.

Pilots are now finishing training in satisfactory numbers.

By Spring, we should be able to launch the heaviest air offensive ever known.

But what's wrong with the Luftwaffe?

It appears unable to sustain long and intensive raids on several cities simultaneously.

At the beginning of the war, it was supposed to consist of some 30,000 aircraft, including obsolescent types.

Its losses have been far heavier than official figures reveal.

Even so, it should still be able—if it were ever so immense as we supposed—to "Coventrate" on half a dozen British cities each night.

Explanation is believed to be an acute shortage of pilots.

This is why Hitler asked for air help from Mussolini. And why German papers urge youths of seventeen to volunteer as pilots.

Further evidence of shortage is provided by examination of captured bomber crews. Many are of a definitely inferior type.

Goering must be very worried about it.

Crowded Cottages

Cogs in our war machine are not geared.

Living costs soar.

But wages are kept down.

Cottages are crowded with refugees from bombed cities.

Yet, as Lord Winterton says, great mansions are empty except for butlers and footmen.

Ailing Deprived

Not an extra ounce of butter is allowed to sufferers from tuberculosis—worst of wasting diseases

But many restaurants serve a whole ounce with lunch to enable patrons to toy with a roll they don't need.

Farmers are urged to grow more food.

But banks cannot supply them with cheap credit.

Big Fish Escape

County war agricultural committees have power to prosecute farmers and landowners who neglect their holdings.

Here and there, small farmers *have* been prosecuted.

But no action is taken against big landowners—or farmers with "influence"—who allow rich acres to lie fallow. Too many private parks remain unploughed, too many fields are given over to weeds and rabbits.

Petrol Wasted

Steel and cement are needed for public air raid shelters.

But one contractor, wanting four hundredweight of cement for a small Government job, asked for four tons—and got it. Surplus is being used to make private shelters at a fine profit.

Petrol is rationed. But dishonest Government employees sell stocks to private contractors. Big Army lorries are sent miles to bring back small packets for officers.

Six-Year War!

You see, now, why we continue to urge greater supervision of our war supplies.

The need is urgent. Our shipping losses are grave, very grave.

Production must make good our losses. We must work as never before. We should see that none is allowed to forget the Prime Minister's demand:

"We dare not waste a single week, nor a day, nor yet an hour."

Only thus shall we answer the six years' war preparations of Hitler.

(Continued overleaf)

BEHIND THE NEWS

● **Latest German gloat—that temporary allowances of white bread prove vast reserves—is camouflage to hide the fact that the R.A.F. has made it imperative to move grain stocks from the west, and neither transport nor adequate storage is available to handle them.**

● *In their desperate drive for foreign credits, Nazi chiefs ordered all Dutch insurance to be placed through Nazi companies. Move was immediately countered by registering all Dutch official securities only in Batavia; neutrals abroad will not be able to liquidate them anywhere else.*

● After talks in Washington, American big business is quietly taking steps to ban trade with "Black List" concerns in the Western hemisphere. Actual money loss to Germany is estimated to run into millions.

● **Since the outbreak of war Britain has captured more than 40 per cent. of the former German markets in South America.**

● *Nazi claim to have two new battleships in service is discounted by British naval circles. It was made to lessen the blow inside Axis countries of the effects of the Taranto damage.*

● Since the Italian rout in Greece, British blockade now keeps out of Italy not less than 80 per cent. of total imports from all sources. Libya is 95 per cent. short of normal traffic, Abyssinia and the Dodecanese 98 per cent.

● **Unrecorded but major Italian loss is the stoppage of oil supplies from Albania. Rome had spent millions in developing wells. Not only has production been stopped but practically all stocks and the refineries in the country's only three ports have been destroyed.**

● *Another is the first direct Moslem "economic blockade" instituted by the Arab States on the east of the Red Sea. They refuse to send their dhows to Eritrean ports; Italian officials are finding it hard to provide for their natives.*

● **Through captured Nazi reconnaissance pilots and the negatives found in shot-down machines, it is known that we have both better air cameras and methods. Our pilots attend regular classes to study these films and our attack technique is increasing still further its lead over the Nazis.**

NEW STATE MOVE TO HELP BOMBED
M.P.s WANT OFFICIAL WASTE QUIZ
ARMY PAYMASTERS NEED BULLYING
SKILLED MEN STILL WASH DISHES

(Continued from preceding page)

PEOPLE whose income does not exceed £500 a year will be compensated at once for damage by bombs.

That's the most important feature of the long-awaited Bill soon to be introduced by the Government.

Richer folk whose homes are bombed will have to wait until later—perhaps till after the war.

But they will be given an official document to satisfy building societies to whom they owe money on mortgage.

No one will be made bankrupt because of enemy action.

Something to Hide

The Government is to be asked by M.P.s of all Parties for a debate on "waste, extravagance and dishonesty in certain official contracts."

Main purpose is to get a tribunal to investigate charges made by three reputable people—two Army officers and a civil engineer.

M.P.s have seen the evidence and are convinced there is a strong case for enquiry.

Refusal would only create the impression that the Government has something to hide.

Rating Unfairness

Apparently there is not much chance that Mr. Malcolm MacDonald will agree to a demand for more even rates.

Obviously unfair that Merthyr Tydvil has rates of 30s. 6d., West Ham and Hull 21s. 6d., while rich Bournemouth pays only 7s. 10d.

And evacuation is making such disparities even more glaring.

Makes No Difference

Loss of business in bombed areas means higher rates. It also means more prosperity for "safe" towns—and lower rates.

Government grants to worse-hit districts do not remove the absurdity and injustice of the present system.

Why not equalise all rates?

Army is to Blame

Worst black-out offenders are Army camps.

Lights are left unscreened long after dark. In the morning, long before black-out is over, open cookhouse doors show a blaze that can be seen for miles.

It isn't the War Office's fault, but it will be unless a sharp reminder is issued to all commanding officers.

The Big Bad Wolf

It isn't the regimental sergeant-major who gets the Army an undeserved bad name. It's the regimental paymaster.

Latest proof of callous muddle from our postbag: Disabled soldier was invalided out on November 4 with an advance of 30s.

An out-patient at a hospital, he is unable to work, hasn't had a penny since, although his arrears of pay must be considerable.

Two letters to his regimental paymaster have been ignored.

He is penniless.

Railway Scrooges

Troop transport needs improvement.

Men are made to stand with full packs in train corridors for unreasonable periods.

One squad endured this exhaustion on a journey that lasted from 8 a.m. till 11 p.m. Men who tried to sit down in empty first-class compartments were ordered out by the R.T.O.

Fit men cannot remain fit in these conditions.

Dishwasher's Plea

Skilled men are still left in the ranks as foot-sloggers, and again the fault lies with a few indifferent officers.

We appreciate that the infantry must not be starved of men. But it should draw on men whose civilian skill is not vital to our war effort.

Such key-workers as aero engineers and moulders should be transferred to technical units or released for duty in war factories.

This week's reminder of the problem is a Jarrow metal moulder who is kept washing dishes and scrubbing floors in an R.A.M.C. unit. Yes, the R.A.M.C.!

Skill is Wasted

Further revelation is supplied by the Electrical Trades Union, which is searching desperately for skilled men urgently needed for vital war work, and can find a job immediately for any electrician who happens still to be unemployed.

Yet the Union finds that less than 50 per cent. of its members who have joined the Army are engaged on their own trade.

Would it not be better for Britain if they ceased to waste their skill?

Instead of remaining as batmen or dish-washers, they should be "loaned" for such work as repairing bombed installations or wiring new warships.

Would You Believe It!

As for "compassionate leave," we appeal to commanding officers to be as compassionate as military requirements will allow.

R.A.F. man received a pathetic telegram from his wife, whose home had been bombed. Applying for leave, he was told that if his wife had been killed his request could have been granted.

To which he unwisely answered, "If she were dead there wouldn't be any need for me to go."

He was given ten days' C.B.

Too Iron-Bound

Army officers are usually considerate in these matters. But occasionally there's a case which, although in accordance with Army regulations, might have been treated with greater latitude.

Example is a soldier who, informed that his child was seriously ill, asked in vain for permission to visit her.

Request was not granted even though a doctor telephoned three times to the camp. The child died.

Only fair to add that, strictly speaking, compassionate leave can only be sought when a soldier's wife is dangerously ill.

Herbert's Spadework

Equipment for Civil Defenders is coming along nicely, thanks to spade-work by Herbert Morrison when he was Minister of Supply.

But some Services seem to have been forgotten. Special Constables in one district of Co. Durham, who joined long before the war, have not been supplied with overcoats, boots or torches.

Some are even without armlets.

Boys will be Restless

JOHN BULL doesn't join the popular clamour for radio sets in air raid shelters. If public shelters are made as safe and sanitary as possible, that is all the authorities can be expected to do.

But we make one exception. We want some sort of recreation organised for the juvenile workers who, after swallowing a hasty evening meal, race off to the shelters.

Boys cannot always be reading or girls knitting.

If their youthful spirits bubble over, the older shelterers naturally complain.

Are youth movements and boys' clubs considering the problem?

Sawdust Helps, Too

If this question is met as speedily as another suggestion we made recently, we shall be well satisfied.

JOHN BULL called attention to the wasteful burning of sawdust in sawmills.

An M.P. repeated our question; the Minister of Supply answers that sawdust is now to be used for making concrete and building board.

Potash from burned shavings will in future be saved as a soil fertiliser, investigation is going on for the use of sawdust in making plastics and paper pulp.

We Don't Know

Mothers and children will have first call on milk, it is said. We hope so, but aren't sure.

One nursing mother, getting a pint a day under the official scheme, has been told by her milkman that he's ceasing to deliver this Government supply.

He cannot get payment for it.

He Ought to Kick 'Em

We do not know how the evacuation scheme can be a success as long as some billeting officers are content to dump evacuees down in any hole.

One woman and her children, sent to Somerset nine weeks ago, have no bed to sleep on in the condemned house allotted to them. Four blankets are shared by two adults and six children.

Three children were taken ill. The mother, applying for assistance, is said to have been told that she couldn't be helped because she wouldn't agree to be parted from her babies.

That's Different

Now for officialdom's attitude towards the people left behind. A Londoner asked his borough council whether his underground scullery could be reinforced by a few struts and boards.

He cannot use a public shelter because of poor health.

"Sorry," says the borough surveyor, "we haven't the materials. But I'll add your name to the list of hundreds who are waiting for Anderson shelters."

Struts and boards would cost a few shillings.

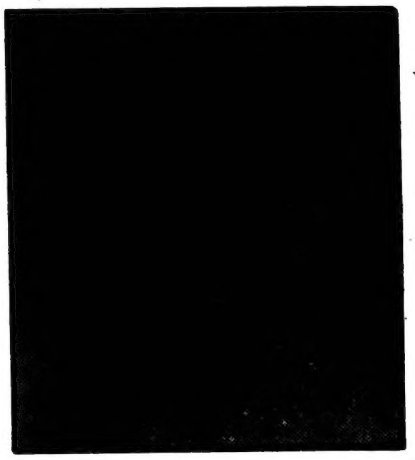
An Anderson shelter costs £8 to £12.

BLOOD and MONEY

WARS are paid for in blood and money. The world holds blood too cheap and money too dear. It always has done—even in times of peace.

Our enemy is prodigal in his expenditure of both, but he has had the sense to control money-power as well as man-power. We have not fully controlled either the one or the other.

It is high time for us to do so, and JOHN BULL urges the Premier to appoint an "O.C., Home Front," without delay.



No one man is physically capable of directing a nation's war efforts in every field. Hitler realised this when he gave Goering supreme control of Germany's economic activities.

There is nothing we admire about this pair of scoundrels except the ruthless realism which has enabled them to co-ordinate all the resources of the Reich under their dual control.

Some similar co-ordination is essential in this country if we mean not only to win the war but to hasten the day of victory.

The time has come for the appointment of a strong man—a "super man," if such there be—to wield, under the Government, a drastic control of profits, wages, and the cost of living.

The three things go together. Other, comparatively minor, problems depend on them.

But the country needs "a co-ordinator-in-chief" with power not only to advise, but also to compel.

HE SHOULD BE ABLE TO LAY HIS NATION-WIDE PROPOSALS BEFORE THE CABINET, AND, HAVING OBTAINED CABINET APPROVAL, TO ENLIST OR COMMAND THE CO-OPERATION OF HIS COLLEAGUES.

All our readers have heard—though many of them do not yet realise it—that the war is costing a lot of money. Already we are exceeding nine millions a day.

All of them know, in theory, that we are fast exhausting our dollar resources. Lord Lothian startled this country, and the United States, too, by saying plainly that, somewhere about next summer we may have to ask America for credit.

Finally, nobody has any excuse for *not* knowing that shipping is vital to our existence; that the Germans are sinking our ships faster than we can replace them, and that we *must* cut down imports to the bare minimum.

Luxury spending will have to *stop*, and the only way to stop it is to prevent anybody from having much surplus money to spend.

That means that the workers cannot be allowed continual increases in pay and that employers cannot be allowed any increases in profits.

It also means that the country must face certain economic facts which it has never faced before.

THE most important is that, in the war industries to-day, the Government is the sole paymaster.

The Engineering Employers' Federation could not—or would not—realise this when it recently declared that it could not afford to meet the workers' demand for an increase of threepence an hour.

From a national point of view, this was nonsense.

"JOHN BULL" DOESN'T SAY THAT THE MEN'S DEMAND WAS JUSTIFIED OR THAT IT WAS NOT. IT MERELY ASSERTS THAT THE MEN'S WAGES ARE PAID BY THE GOVERNMENT—THAT IS TO SAY, BY THE PUBLIC—AND NOT BY THE EMPLOYERS.

Look at it this way.

All the armament industries and their subsidiaries are working on Government contracts, or sub-contracts.

Many of them are still working on the rotten basis of cost plus guaranteed profit, which, as the last war proved, is a direct encouragement to wicked waste and extravagance.

None of them has any real excuse to worry about the wages bill.

Those employers who want to keep wages down do so solely because they don't want labour to be too highly paid after the war has ended.

JOHN BULL does not argue from this that all demands for wage increases should be automatically conceded. Not a bit of it!

THE GOVERNMENT OUGHT TO CONTROL PROFITS, WAGES, AND THE COST OF LIVING SIMULTANEOUSLY.

Take wages first

Average figures are deceptive.

They vary with the skill of the worker, the number of hours he works, *and* the needs and locality of the particular industry in which he is engaged. There are glaring anomalies and there are at least as many thousands underpaid as overpaid.

Mr. Bevin, the Minister of Labour, is a courageous man, but he is a veteran Trade Union leader, and, even if he had the power to do so, we doubt whether he could ever bring himself to break completely with his old traditions.

Nevertheless, for the duration of the war, all these old traditions may have to be broken down.

AND we believe that the ideal "O.C., Home Front" would begin by controlling wages all round—so much per week for all skilled men in each industry; so much for the semi-skilled and the unskilled, and so much for *unavoidable* overtime.

HE WOULD PERMIT NO DIFFERENCES OF BASIC RATES AS BETWEEN INDUSTRY AND INDUSTRY, AND NO DIFFERENCE AS BETWEEN TOWN AND TOWN—OR TOWN AND COUNTRY, FOR THAT MATTER—EXCEPT TO THE EXTENT OF ADMITTEDLY VARYING COSTS OF LIVING.

But, to "get away" with this tremendous change, he would also have to guarantee every worker against rises in the cost of living.

This could be done.

The Government, which now controls almost everything else, *could* peg prices by complete control of supplies and a complete rationing system.

In that event, it certainly could not afford to permit two qualities of bread, one "rich" for the rich, and the other "poorish" for the poor.

Above all, the workers would have to be solidly assured that profits were being controlled as rigidly as wages.

They are not being so controlled to-day.

Lord Simon—he was Sir John then—was not a courageous Chancellor, but last April he did introduce a Bill to limit dividends.

He wanted to make sure that comparatively wealthy shareholders should not have extra money to spend any more than the working classes.

SIR KINGSLEY WOOD, either because he yielded to pressure from the City or because he has a pathetically ill-founded belief in the goodness of human nature, suppressed this Bill.

He argued that its objects would, in the main, be met by the 100 per cent. Excess Profits Tax.

He was wrong.

WEEK AFTER WEEK THE LATEST COMPANY REPORTS MAGNIFY THE NEED FOR SUCH RESTRICTION.

IN THE ENGINEERING INDUSTRY ALONE THEY SHOW AN ASTOUNDING LIST OF SWOLLEN PROFITS — DENNIS BROTHERS (DIVIDEND UP TO 133⅓ PER CENT.), HANDLEY PAGE (UP TO 44.8 PER CENT.), NEEPSEND STEEL (UP TO 50 PER CENT.), AND SO ON, AND SO ON.

An efficient "O.C., Home Front" would give out no further contracts on the price-plus-profits basis, and would make sure that the 100 per cent. Excess Profits Tax shall mean precisely what it seems to mean:

NOBODY SHALL MAKE ANY MONEY OUT OF THE WAR.

There would be a hundred-and-one other things for Britain's "economic co-ordinator" to do after he had achieved his main task of pegging profits, wages and the cost of living down to the standard that the country can afford.

We should like him to see to it that all A.R.P. workers—the shock troops of the "Battle of Britain"—were guaranteed a standard of living equal to that of the munition workers.

JOHN BULL would like to see the problems of evacuation and air raid shelters dealt with by national, as distinct from local, action, with the whole country footing the bill.

But first things must be put first, and our main point to-day is that the country can no longer afford haphazard wage rates and haphazard profits.

It must come much nearer to the principle of "equal sacrifice." It must readjust its valuation of blood and money.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

SCIENTISTS are often accused of making simple things complicated. Yet scientists only appear to make familiar things sound strange because they have gone below the surface where you never thought to penetrate.

We all think we know how people behave.

We do know a great deal if we use our eyes, because we see people behaving all round us, all day and every day. We can't help knowing how they behave.

But to know why they behave as they do is another story.

Often they don't know why themselves.

This is why the scientist (in this instance the psychologist) is so often accused of complicating familiar things.

Grumblers are confusing what happens with why they happen.

Consider how people day-dream.

Mark how they make excuses for not having done this or that; excuses that sound altogether too flimsy.

Observe how they fashion elaborate stories that deceive nobody but themselves.

See how they twist and wriggle and dodge among life's facts in an effort to escape.

They are always trying to run away from life, unaware that they are really trying to run away from themselves.

They are trying to dodge their own judgments of themselves—and it can't be done.

Unless we are going to be hypocritical, we all do it to some extent.

We are all Escapists.

The old French proverb, "he who excuses himself, accuses himself," has a foundation deep down in human behaviour!

The more oppressive the burdens we have to bear, the greater the trials and hardships, the more we unconsciously try to escape.

Let us train ourselves to look life in the face—and not in the back of the neck.

OPEN LETTERS

Lord WOOLTON,
Minister of Food

MY LORD.—No more mischievous suggestion has ever been made to you than that there should be two kinds of bread—a poor loaf for the poor, a loaf rich in butter, eggs and milk for those who can afford to pay a high price.

Bakers may think it a profitable idea. I depend on you to treat it with the contempt it deserves.

There will be no profit for national health if the standard loaf is to be robbed of nutrition. It will reverse the aims of rationing if a wealthy few are to enjoy an essential food denied to the many.

If there is a surplus of fats, see that ordinary bread is made better.

And it needs improvement, now that our butter and margarine ration is uncomfortably meagre, and that fruit, the other source of vitamins, is to disappear.

Indeed, the position of bread would be farcical were it not so serious.

First, most of the vitamins are destroyed in manufacture. Then we set up scientific committees to discover how to pop the vitamins back in artificial form!

Better, far, if wholemeal bread were made compulsory and the manufacture of inferior bread were forbidden.

Public health will be fraught with new dangers this winter. It must not be further imperilled by a shoddy "standard loaf" so that a moneyed few may benefit.

I cannot believe that you, who have striven to provide the nation with an adequate food supply, will listen to this pernicious proposal.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. A. DUFF COOPER, M.P.,
Minister of Information

DEAR SIR,—The public is not enlightened, merely irked, by the "military spokesman" whose views are passed on to newspapers and the B.B.C.

His comments on Greek victories are depressing enough to please Mussolini's lying apologists. Although none of us would want our expectations raised to boiling-point, we resent his efforts to plunge us into a gloomy refrigerator.

He represents the type of over-cautious, timorous and unimaginative military mind that is a real brake on our war effort.

It should be barred from both the War Office and the Ministry of Information.—JOHN BULL.

Signor MUSSOLINI,
Deflated War Lord

IL DUCE.—You might fare better in war if you surrounded yourself with men, rather than cry-babies who snivel that the Greeks are "not gentlemen" because they use "barbaric weapons"—meaning bayonets—to repel your troops.

I infer that you expected the Greeks to strew roses on your path to Athens. Maybe you realise now that you are more likely to walk on ashes in your own streets.

We will supply the sackcloth.—JOHN BULL.

The SECRETARY,
South Essex Waterworks Co.

DEAR SIR.—You are too quick on the trigger. Beware lest you hurt yourself one day.

A Romford woman had not once defaulted on water rates in ten years.

Recently, because her two sons had been called up and her husband was unable to work owing to illness, she asked your collector to wait for the rates until the week-end.

He refused. You then demanded 5s. costs, with a threat that unless the money was forthcoming the supply would be disconnected at a charge of at least 30s., with a fee of £1 for re-connection.

And, you added, if your van was called out she would have to pay £1 even if the supply was not disconnected.

Well, she paid the rates at the week-end—but not the costs. I don't blame her; nor, I am sure, would any judge.—JOHN BULL.

Sir JOHN MAUDE,
Secretary, Ministry of Health

DEAR SIR JOHN.—A reader applied for an old age pension last March. Three times she wrote to your Ministry; her letters were ignored. Then I took up her case; within a week, her pension has been granted.

This example of speed, following your appointment as Secretary to the Ministry, augurs well for the future.

I proffer not only my thanks but a wish that you will succeed in persuading your officials to show the same quickness of decision.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. R. K. LAW, M.P.,
Financial Secretary, War Office

DEAR SIR,—There seems as great a reluctance to meet traders' bills as to give pay arrears to discharged soldiers.

An ironmonger supplied goods worth £17 12s. 1d. to an "A.A." battery last June. His account is still not met, although he badly needs the money to pay his own creditors.

A typical example, as you must know.

Was I wrong to hope that so capable a man as yourself would introduce honest business methods into all sections of the Army?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. M. MACDONALD, M.P.,
Minister of Health

DEAR SIR.—Thirty shillings a week is being charged for one room at Abergele.

Five pounds a week is demanded for a cottage in the Home Counties usually let at six shillings; twenty-five shillings for a room without board.

Soldiers' wives and evacuees are bled white by the rent profiteers. Power to prosecute is not being used by many local councils. A further measure is required to stop the racket.

I suggest the simplest of all rent reforms.

Allow councils to rate houses according to the actual rental value, or forbid any rent to exceed the present rateable value plus a sum that allows a reasonable profit and repairs.—JOHN BULL.

Major-General THOMAS R. A. EASTWOOD,
Director-General, Home Guard

DEAR GENERAL,—What has happened to the pledge that suitable men of foreign birth will be allowed to join the Home Guard?

It seems to have been torn up, judging by the case of a naturalised Briton who was born in Italy and fought for us as an Old Contemptible in the last war.

In this conflict, he was one of the first Home Guards in Sheffield. After three months, he was asked to resign because of his Italian parentage.

Yet he is a good citizen; his comrades have petitioned for his reinstatement.

The Army will call up his son. It does not object to his family giving free concerts for the Forces. Why, then, is this man debarred from doing his bit?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. P. H. MILLS,
Controller of Machine Tools

DEAR SIR,—A Birmingham maker of mattresses is hardly likely to have the heavy machine tools you need for aircraft and ship building.

But you've sent him four copies of your appeal, each in separate envelopes, and four postcards for his answer!

Seeing that your Ministry of Supply is also in charge of the save-paper campaign, I presume you dare not let your right hand know what the left is squandering.—JOHN BULL.

The BOARD OF ADMIRALTY

GENTLEMEN,—Neither officers nor men on trawlers and other patrol ships have a chance to bathe, while at sea.

That's inevitable; but why are no baths provided at their shore bases?

A strange oversight for a Service that, I'd thought, managed to think of everything.—JOHN BULL.

The CITY TREASURER,
Bradford

DEAR SIR,—Two very aged people were granted a supplementary old age pension, bringing their income to 32s. 6d. a week.

You tell them that the supplement includes an allowance for rates, though nothing was said about this when the award was made. And the collector is alleged to have threatened that unless the rates are paid each week their pension would be stopped.

By what right?—JOHN BULL.

★ **OUT WITH THE COASTAL PATROL:** *this is the saga of the Royal Air Force Coastal Command as gathered by Captain Frank H. Shaw in talks with young pilots; each week it will describe yet another of the daring escapades of the fighting freelances of the air, who set out each day to patrol the seas, bomb invasion ports, attack warships and keep an eye on Nazi troop concentrations*

Big Thrill Raids

A squadron of Bristol Beauforts, loaded with bombs, sets out in the twilight on a hazardous trip over the enemy's invasion ports, intent on giving Adolf's plans another nasty jolt

FIGHTER squadrons receive all the limelight; Coastal Command gets most of the fun.

With fighters I found only a certain deadly monotony!

You fly a killer-plane that is better than anything the Hun can send out against you.

And you take off from the field with a ninety per cent. certainty of victory.

Each fresh flight in a Coastal Command aircraft promises a new sensation.

Certainly adventure.

We're "general purpose" people.

We have a hundred different jobs, from attacking North Sea and Channel convoys to playing merry hell with Master Adolf's pet schemes of grinding England under his jackbooted heel.

Strafing the invasion ports is only one item in a long schedule of devastation.

When we fly over sweet England and look down at the snug hamlets and the lovely, tree-ringed villages, at the opulent towns and the sweeping landscapes, we swear afresh, each trip, that no Hun foot shall ever trample *our* prized acres.

Qualified in Time

I am twenty this month.

I was given a short-service commission in the R.A.F. in early 1938, just after leaving school, and so, by the time the war-drums beat, I was qualified.

Leaving out the Fighter months, I was selected for Coastal Command, and put on to convoy patrol.

They fitted us with torpedo-bomber Beauforts.

Not easy to fly, but good to go when started, and thanks to the incredible servicing they get from the never-to-be-sufficiently-praised ground-staffs, capable of responding to every call we make on them.

We maintained a day and night patrol of the enemy's North Sea coasts from the beginning.

We were thus able to observe every trifling detail of the preparations being made to overrun England.

But we didn't give the show away. We waited until every bomb we dropped would do full-time plus a little overtime.

The Hun believed that we should never stand up against his massed might. Well, we taught him!

The Commanding Officer called us into the "Ops. Room" one evening. He had a big-scale Admiralty chart on his table, with red-ink markings here and there.

Hell-Raising Trip

"Reconnaissance shows that barges and tugs and supply ships are massing at Bergen," he said. "Zero hour is nine pip-emma. Bombs, not torpedoes. Good luck—and do as much hell-raising as you can."

This was what we'd been waiting for.

I'd attacked a dozen big ships and torpedoed several, but to carve up mass formations of invasion craft—well, were we eager?

I collected my crew, the best bomber crew in the R.A.F.

I told my navigator to lay off every necessary course and distance in good time.

I instructed the radio operator, the fore- and rear-gunners, in just what I wanted done.

They were rearing with eagerness.

I got the ground-staff together.

Without these stout hearts we'd be in the soup But they are efficient, and this time they were on their toes.

The twin engines were tried out.

As sweet as silk, they seemed to sing a war-song in their high-pitched tones.

Oh, it was grand!

Then, as we got nearer and nearer to zero, the cargo was loaded. We'd shifted the torpedo slings and bomb-racks took their load, not whacking big stuff such as we use when strafing Hunland proper, but comparative light-weights, with lashings of incendiaries.

I felt a thrill as we revved up and made contact.

I'd visited Bergen with my parents as a schoolboy. This promised to be an even more interesting call!

"We're getting near!" said the navigator.

We'd found a searchlight or two, and there'd been some "stuff" come up from a couple of "flak-ships." We were nearing the Norwegian coast.

Obviously, we shouldn't take the enemy by surprise, as we'd hoped.

Mighty Pretty!

By what moonlight there was (we were at eight thousand feet, having made height as the petrol load lessened) I saw foam breaking like silver on rocky shores.

Mighty pretty!

It seemed a shame to punish Norway for something she hadn't done.

The moonlight glinted on the in-running fjords

The rocky hills seemed higher than they really were. Bergen town was blacked out.

The din of my engines prevented me from hearing anything outside, but the aircraft began to rock and grow restless. That was "ak-ak" coming up.

Shrapnel bursting under your nose look quite pretty. But when they burst under your tail they seem to tear the controls out of your hands.

I gave a wider throttle to escape. I was the first of the flight to attack. No fires had been lit for me. And I was eager to make a good job of it.

Somewhere down there were vessels designed to reach England and spout Huns around that happy countryside we'd left.

The fjord on which Bergen stands is subject to a lot of air-eddies, because of the hills.

Once or twice the ship seemed ready to capsize.

I took a run right across.

The dark patch not so far away from the old Fish Market would be the barges, unless they were well camouflaged.

Even so the best camouflage cannot imitate moonlight on water.

My navigator was busy with the glasses.

He pretended he could count the barges, said there were a hundred and seven.

I climbed a bit and went over the harbour Then I turned.

"Flare!" said I. It worked like a charm. Almost instantly the whole picture below was illuminated.

A quaint old town, Bergen, although the Huns knocked it about a bit when they invaded Norway.

There was a lot of flurry among the barges.

That dark patch was them all right.

I went across once more, to pin the picture in my mind, for fear the flares were shot out.

All hell broke loose as I turned for the first run. I went down, almost vertically at first, because I didn't want to waste a shot.

"Shoot!" I cried.

"Bombs gone!" said the navigator a breath later.

I saw the first land—plunk in the middle of a big craft, a supply ship.

It burst

The fire was fine.

And inside no time that ship was just a bonfire But as she fired up, half a dozen barges did the same.

The stuff we carried was just the dope.

One bomb to a barge.

The navigator said (I was too busy to watch) that every barge hit was full of men, as though they'd been sleeping aboard.

I expect there wasn't room ashore for them all.

I turned and took another run—pretty low down, so that the gunners could let some tracer go to fire anything else the bombs might miss.

Looked Like Vesuvius

One large barge held ammunition.

It looked like Vesuvius as it came up towards us in red chunks.

The burning barges below set fire to others we'd missed, and everything down there seemed incandescent.

There was a good bit of wind, and it blew them this way and that—like the fire-ships at Calais.

A lot of Bergen is built of wood, and some sheds by the wharves caught fire.

One blew up so vigorously that we simply ploughed through soaring timbers.

That made me think we were too low, so I leaned back on the stick and we climbed.

There were still a few bombs left.

Two Hun destroyers anchored a little way from the shuddering, blazing ruin we'd caused opened up with both their deck guns and their ak-aks. I went down low again, calling to the navigator to strafe the bigger fellow.

He did.

The bomb landed right between his funnels and they burst apart like nine-pins.

Homeward Again

Going home across the North Sea was a bit of an anti-climax, even though the aircraft needed some nursing through the engines having been hit.

We lost a lot of height, and once or twice I told the crew to have the collapsible ready for launching.

We'd been on fire in one or two places, but the radio operator had smacked out the flames with his hands and saved a blow-up.

It was a relief to see the foamline of our coast.

Next night I led a similar attack on Flushing, and we sailed over Bergen again twenty-four hours later.

Here we repeated our previous show, but having spotted an enemy cruiser crossing over from Denmark as we went outwards, I saved a couple of bombs for him on the return trip.

We left him listing hard by the stern.

Hitler must hate Coastal Command!

"A GREAT HELP IN DAYS TO COME"

MR. C. W. G. THORNEYCROFT, a Kentish reader, had just begun his afternoon's shift when a bomb scored a direct hit on the factory where he was working.

In acknowledging a cheque for £100 paid under JOHN BULL'S Free Air Raid Insurance, his widow writes as follows:—

"Please accept my very best thanks for cheque you so kindly sent to me after the death of my late husband. It will be a great help in days to come."

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader a £200 policy (for husband and wife), underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids, Invasion and Bombardment Under this great Scheme JOHN BULL now announces the further payment during the past week alone of £3,700 in cash benefits to air raid victims or their dependants. If you are already a registered reader of JOHN BULL you automatically qualify for the full range of this extended Free War Time Insurance. You need not re-register unless you have changed your address or newsagent.

I SAW FOR MYSELF

Whipping-Boy of Whitehall

BY MAURICE FAGENCE

They warned me that I would find it difficult to make their work look important . . . but—

SOMEBODY once said that the Ministry of Shipping was Hitler's secret weapon.

Nobody loves it.

It annoys the greedy citizen who hates to see his imported luxuries disappear from the market: it angers the manufacturer who can't get the materials.

Even other Ministries complain.

The Ministry of Food looks black when the cargo space it wants to fill with tinned salmon is given to the Ministry of Supply for tommy-guns.

"People are sure to blame us," they say.

But everybody ends up by blaming the Ministry of Shipping.

When I spent a day with the Ministry of Shipping—just to see things for myself—I could see the hurt in their eyes.

They warned me I would find it difficult to make their work look important—even interesting.

"We've got no control boards here," they said. "No flashing lights. No intricate mechanism. Nothing to seize the imagination of the public.

"Only hard work."

A multitude of plainly furnished offices. Stacks of card-index cabinets, and a labyrinth of passages.

But . . . not interesting, not important?

Here was the heart of the greatest merchant service the world has ever seen.

Not Guilty

Britain leans on that service of thousands of ships—great liners and smoky tramps—manned by 160,000 of the finest fellows you can find on the seven seas.

We took over 9,000,000 deadweight tons of shipping from our Allies.

Luckily, all the maritime nations of the world are our Allies.

Lucky—yet natural.

First, the Ministry put itself on its defence. You feel like that when you have been attacked hard enough.

I found that the Ministry is guiltless of all the charges of favouring one supply department against another.

Let me show you how it works.

A committee of the Cabinet is told how much tonnage the Ministry of Shipping has available.

The committee tells the various Ministries how much each can have of that tonnage.

The docks of the United States are stacked high with munitions for Britain—aircraft, guns, shells, small arms, that are going to protect YOUR life.

"We've got to get it here," says the Ministry of Supply.

To help them do it the Cabinet committee deprives the Ministry of Food of its share of cargo space.

Official Glasshouse

This probably compels the Ministry of Food to announce that no more of a particular luxury can enter the country.

It may compel the Board of Trade to curtail the manufacture of three-guinea corsets for women with more weight than sense.

There is a general throwing of stones at the Ministry of Shipping.

Yet much-wanted munitions are brought here at the expense of tinned peaches and corset bones.

The job of the Ministry of Shipping is to have the ships available to carry out the programme.

And few bricks can be thrown at them for the way they do that.

If the United States could provide us in the next six months with munitions sufficient to overwhelm the enemy, it could only be brought here by depriving you of luxuries.

You can imagine what an amount of criticism that would cause — to say nothing of the defeatist talk about the shortage of shipping.

Yet it would mean no more eventually than that first things were being put first.

Controlling the greatest merchant fleet ever during the biggest world war in history isn't as simple as those words would make them appear.

One department must keep in continuous touch with the Admiralty on questions of "diversions" and convoy.

Problems

One commerce raider at large—and plans may have to be changed every day.

Then there is the problem of bringing essentials by the shortest possible route.

During the time it takes for a ship to bring a certain cargo from Australia it might be bringing two, or even four, such cargoes from ports nearer.

Not that it is always best to seek the nearest ports.

In some instances there may not be the quantities to make up complete cargoes. In others, there may be exchange difficulties.

Then we like to avoid paying in what the Ministry calls—in a slang of its own—"hard" currencies.

The dollar is the "hardest" of all of them. We must always avoid paying in dollars if we can.

Americans know our difficulties well enough to realise that we often have to turn them down when we would prefer that they should have the business.

Canada's is a "hard" currency, depending, as it does, on the dollar.

And when the Ministry of Shipping favours a foreign to a Dominion port, Canadians understand.

On top of all these factors is the question of risk.

Distance No Object

A good cargo at a good price at a near-by port may have to be refused because of the risks of the moment, while similar goods are bought at a higher price at a port five times as far away.

What may appear one day to be the most important of all cargoes seems to have little urgency the next.

Imagine five thousand bombers lying on the quayside of an American port.

One day it would appear that the most important duty that British ships could fulfil would be bringing those machines to Britain.

Then imagine a sudden need for a huge British expeditionary force somewhere.

How unimportant the job of moving aeroplanes would seem until that duty had been fulfilled!

The Ministry of Shipping, now controlling every British merchant ship on the high seas, helps to fit every ton of shipping owned by our maritime allies into the general scheme of winning the war.

It found ships for the evacuation of Dunkirk.

It has moved more soldiers over the oceans of the world than all the passenger liners of the Empire moved civilians in the same period of peace time.

One incident excluded, it has moved hundreds of thousands of troops among hundreds of ports without loss of life.

It has provided us with the sinews of war in face of a vicious U-boat and dive-bomber campaign.

It aims at winning the war, no matter what sacrifices it asks from the public by way of contribution.

And you can't think of a better ambition.

HERE TO BEAT HITLER

●A successful device for upsetting the passage of night-flying Nazi raiders over Britain has been invented by a Polish refugee. This is the story of the 80,000 refugees now working for Britain.

THROUGH the winding lanes of Surrey march sixty boys. Villagers hear the staccato tramp of their field boots as they march to six-eight tempo in columns of three, call them the "quick-steppers."

There are jaunty berets on their heads and sheepskin jackets, thrown round their shoulders, are their only protection against the bitter winds.

These youngsters, none of them is more than eighteen, and one only fifteen, led lives of ease in some of the luxurious homes of France.

Sons of millionaires, movie stars, famous authors and politicians, some are the scions of aristocratic families, others the sturdy stock of merchant princes.

When Nazis overran France they escaped to join the forces of General de Gaulle. Each boy made the choice for himself.

He knew nothing of the others.

It meant leaving all he held dear.

* * *

Two brothers swam twelve miles of the Channel with a life belt; another stowed away in a British refugee ship at Bayonne; three made a thirty-mile sea trip in a rowing boat; others tramped the Pyrenees, crossed to Britain from Portugal.

They have become de Gaulle's Legion of Young French Volunteers.

Their headquarters is a millionaire's home, timbered mansion in lovely parkland, stocked with beautiful carpets and magnificent works of art.

But the "quick-steppers" sleep in the barns, determined to grow up "tough."

A celebrated French chef from a West End restaurant cooks plain food for them, but they eat in the kitchens, not in the banqueting hall.

Up with the dawn, they begin a day of study and drill.

Their commandant, M. Mondot, once a stockbroker, is training the future leaders of a liberated France in this university of the youth of Free France.

* * *

If it is possible to mould cabinet ministers in a classroom, these lads will be ready for their responsibilities.

Yet these sixty boys are but a handful of the happy 80,000 foreign refugees now in Britain working against the threat of the Axis.

Typical of them is Jacques Denain, a 29-year-old Belgian refugee, now working in a British aircraft factory, making machines to "down the Boche," as he says.

"I am very happy," he tells you. "I am getting trade union wages as a skilled man, but even if I were not making a penny I'd still be happy to be working for Britain's war effort."

Delighted with Jacques' skill, the management of the factory is also full of praise for another Belgian refugee.

Like Jacques, he was roaming the streets, bored to tears while his legation gave him one and sixpence a week pocket money and paid for his board and lodging.

* * *

Then the Ministry of Labour decided to start a department for absorbing refugees, and the Belgian was given a job in the aircraft factory as an electrician because he claimed to know something of the job.

One day the generating plant ceased working.

Work throughout the factory stopped. But the Belgian put his finger on the trouble, saved hours of delay by repairing the intricate machinery himself.

Asked how it was that he could diagnose the trouble so rapidly, he modestly confessed that he had been manager of the electrical department of one of Belgium's largest arsenals.

Spaniards, Czechs and Poles are helping to clear bombed cities of debris.

Belgian fishermen are carrying on off Land's End.

Forty Norwegians are busy in London on air raid shelter construction.

Twenty-eight-year-old Smolarek Bronislaw, a Pole, formerly employed in a Paris munition works, is busy in a British tank factory.

"If my eyes were better I'd be in the Army," he said angrily. "I'd do anything to finish off the Boche."

So would the dark-haired Polish and Belgian girls now busy in factories making soldiers' uniforms.

One of these Polish girls marched with British troops for ten days, travelling from Lille to Dunkirk, to avoid falling into German hands. Later she crossed the German lines three times, returning each time with valuable information for the Allied commands.

"I am glad to be doing something useful," she said to a JOHN BULL man.

"Every time I finish a soldier's battledress I pray that the wearer will put paid to another Nazi."

HITLER'S PROBLEMS NOW

● Twice thwarted by British courage, determination and endurance, Hitler now stands in danger of a third defeat that may well be final; but to accomplish this triumph there must be no loopholes in our vital war effort.

Says A. G. GARDINER

LAST winter Hitler lulled us to sleep. He left us alone while his propaganda undermined France, and while he prepared the *blitzkrieg* that was to end the war in August. How near he came to success we know.

Two things alone thwarted him. The miracle of Dunkirk which saved the British Army, and the glorious victory of the R.A.F. in September, which brought his whole design to the ground.

He did everything that he set out to do, except the one thing that was vital. He did not conquer Britain. He had lulled us to sleep for eight months, but we wakened just in time to avert the stroke of doom.

HE WILL NOT LULL US TO SLEEP THIS WINTER. HIS AIM IS NOW NAKED AND IMPERATIVE. HE MUST DESTROY US OR LOSE THE WAR.

And he must destroy us quickly, for the empire that he has established by terror will collapse about him in chaos if he does not destroy us before the terror has subsided.

This urgency dictates his policy. If he is to get a decision this winter, or at latest by a final desperate blow next Spring, he must strike at our heart and strike now.

He cannot afford delays. He cannot plunge into incalculable adventures in the Balkans.

That would mean war on two fronts, which he fears. And it would rouse lions—and bears—that he would prefer not to disturb at present.

He no doubt considers he could brush them aside later when Britain was mortally stricken at the centre of its being.

For this reason it may be that he will leave Mussolini to stew in his own grease, or give him only such help as will enable him to recover his feet.

Nothing he does in that field will be allowed to weaken his attack against the main objective—Britain.

THAT ATTACK IS NOW IN FULL BLAST. THE ULTIMATE GOAL IS STILL INVASION.

WHETHER the attempt is made soon or late, this winter or next Spring, the purpose has certainly not been abandoned.

Hitler never abandons an idea, and his defeat last summer has intensified his maniacal passion for revenge. That passion will only be sated by a visible and savage conquest like that of Poland.

He is preparing for that ecstatic moment in two ways—mass murder from the air and mass murder at sea.

His experience last September taught him that he could not blast his way to victory by a straight fight in the air.

He had assumed then that his overwhelming superiority would sweep our fighters from the sky and leave his bombers to work havoc in our midst and pave the way for his invasion.

He was beaten, and had to surrender that strategy—no more straight fighting in the air.

Now he gambles on the weapon of terrorism—the weapon that gave him victory in Poland, and massacred 30,000 people in Rotterdam in half an hour.

Failing to break the spirit of London and dreading its defences, his barbarians roam the skies night after night raining indiscriminate death and destruction on city after city in the provinces.

There is no pretence of aiming at military objectives. The surprising thing is how few of those objectives are destroyed.

The purpose is terrorism. Hitler seeks to break the morale of the nation by massacre. He hopes to spread such a universal fear that resistance will collapse, and that, in despair, we shall throw up our hands and cry "Hold! Enough!"

THAT is one part of his strategy. The other is like to it. It is indiscriminate massacre at sea.

THE PURPOSE IN THIS CASE AS IN THE OTHER IS SO TO WEAKEN OUR RESISTANCE THAT WHEN THE HOUR FOR INVASION STRIKES WE SHALL BE UNEQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY.

These are the perils with which we are faced, and against which we have to prepare. Their gravity needs no stressing.

Our hearts are wrung by the horrors to which our fellow citizens are subjected by these barbarities, and by the apparent inability of science, so far, to find an effective answer to indiscriminate night bombing.

It may be that our policy of bombing the vitals of the German war machine will prove the answer in the long run. We pray that it will.

We pray that we shall not be driven to answer so foul a crime with crime as foul.

But we cannot let this horror go on unchallenged. If reprisals are the only way in which we can protect our homes and our helpless women and children then reprisals there must be.

Meanwhile we may rest assured that terrorism will not win the war. It will not break the spirit of our people. It will only fuse it with the will to victory no matter what price is paid.

HITLER'S NEW GAMBLE WILL BE WRECKED ON THE COURAGE OF OUR PEOPLE AS HIS PREVIOUS GAMBLE WAS WRECKED BY THE BRAVERY OF OUR R.A.F.

The other peril is at once more threatening and more capable of defeat. While we hold the seas and keep our life-line intact we can be confident of victory.

But we cannot ignore the menace to our security.

The tale of sinkings is grave, and Hitler is flinging all his resources into the effort to cut off the supplies by which we live and with which we fight.

Events have played into his hand. The capitulation of France, the possession of the whole Continental coastline to the Bay of Biscay, our insane surrender of the naval bases in Ireland that control access to the Atlantic—all this has made the submarine menace vastly more serious than it was in the last war.

Moreover, then we had the service of the American mercantile marine, and, after 1917, of the American Navy.

Now we are alone. We have to be content with the good wishes of America and the "cash and carry" sympathies of a friendly neutral.

THIS SUBMARINE PERIL IS OUR GRAVEST PROBLEM, BUT IT CAN BE SOLVED BY RESOLUTE ACTION AND THE ASSISTANCE WE ARE ENTITLED TO EXPECT.

Let us look at the ways in which events should help us, and in which we may help ourselves.

If the turn of affairs in the Near East continues, and Italy can be knocked out of the ring as a naval power, two good things will follow.

Our mastery of the Mediterranean will be established, and a substantial part of our Fleet there should be released to deal with raiders and submarines in the Atlantic.

NEXT and most urgently, we must set our house in order at home to meet Hitler's threat at sea.

We must produce more and consume less, so as to diminish our dependence on our life-line.

It is no use blinking the fact that Mr. Greenwood's and Mr. Bevin's recent statements are most disquieting. Wars to-day are won not in the field, but in the factory—not by the number of men in uniform, but by the aeroplanes, ships, guns, shells we turn out.

WE ARE FIGHTING WITH OUR BACK TO THE WALL, AND STILL WE HAVE THREE-QUARTERS OF A MILLION OF UNEMPLOYED, STILL THE DILUTION OF LABOUR IS HELD UP, STILL THERE IS NO CO-ORDINATED SYSTEM OF SUPPLY OF MATERIALS AND LABOUR.

Are we to be imperilled in this hour of fate by trade union interests, property interests, or special interests of any sort?

And if the production machine gives us too little, consumption takes too much. We must be put on a wide basis of rationing if the strain on our shipping is to be lessened and the peril of the submarine diminished.

Finally, we need to raise the standard of our war aims to serve as a rallying point for all the afflicted peoples now under the jack-boot of Hitler.

If these things are done and done quickly Hitler's new strategy to conquer Britain will suffer the same fate as that which came to grief at the Straits of Dover last September.

The symbolic figure of Father Christmas has been utilised by charity promoters to impose upon those who are eager to help their neighbours at Yuletide

WATCH SANTA CLAUS PESTS

ALTHOUGH the Christmas season this year will differ in many ways from Yuletide festivities of the past, it will be "business as usual" for many Santa Claus cadgers.

Complaints about them have reached me already, and they have had things all their own way for years.

For a quarter of a century the law has been on their side, and many official attempts to stop their activities have failed through weaknesses in legislation.

Almost unheralded in the newspapers, a new Act of Parliament came into force about three months ago to give the police fuller powers. But its provisions have not yet greatly helped police outside London.

A central organisation is needed to set the machinery of the law in operation.

Recently the country has been flooded with books of tickets bearing the name of an honoured institution.

Much of the wording in its literature refers to a "Christmas Comforts Fund."

It is said that all the Services—the Navy, Army and Air Force—will benefit from the appeal.

Among the tempting prizes, offered to purchasers of sixpenny tickets, are Christmas hampers containing turkeys, ox-tongue, whisky, wines, puddings, cigars and £50, £40 and £20 War Bonds.

But the whole thing is—in my opinion—illegal. Here are some of the reasons why I think so:

As in previous years, books of tickets have been sent indiscriminately to people in all parts of the land.

London Address

Blackpool, Cowes, Chelmsford, Wishaw, Callington, Middlesbrough, Saffron Walden, Colne, Bingley, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Barnsley and, of course, London, are but a few of the places from which I have received enquiries.

Every book contains twenty-six vouchers.

"Helpers" (most of whom the appeals secretary knows nothing about) are asked to sell them and deduct half-a-crown for their work.

The remaining 10s. 6d. is to be sent, not to the institution, but to a private address in North London.

The bottom is knocked out of this Christmas venture when I emphasise that books have been sent to unknown men and women in every part of the country on whom there can be no check.

Many will throw unwanted tickets into the fire. Others will sell the tickets and pocket the money. With such a wanton distribution, how can the promoters hope for a complete return?

I have at least a hundred books of tickets, sent on to me by readers with letters asking for advice!

Saved Samaritans

Promoters of these "seasonable" enterprises must know full well that they have no jurisdiction over many of their unsolicited "helpers" and must therefore accept what honest and willing collectors pass to them.

They send out their books of tickets in the knowledge that only *some* will come back.

Through these pages I have prevented many benevolently minded people from wasting their time, and other people's money.

It was once revealed in court that more than 20,000 householders had received books of tickets, in much the same fashion, and were offered 3s. 6d. for selling them.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

The promoter was convicted.

In another case it was obvious that the promoter had organised several other Christmas "draws," ostensibly in aid of a poor children's fund, a notorious charity which was closed down by the police a month or so ago.

But the charity "Santa Claus" is not always so well organised.

Clive Grunspun is a different type of "War comforts" adventurer who has recently collected money by exploiting his own winning personality in Charity's name.

Grunspun invented for himself a War Office pass, decorated his unauthorised military uniform with a major's crown and the O.B.E., M.M., D.S.O., M.C., and the Croix de Guerre ribbons, and even had the impertinence to wear braid on his cap to suggest that he held a War Office Staff appointment.

"War comforts, socks and mittens for the troops" was his motto.

A notorious woman, known by many names, and associated until a few months ago with a much black-listed "charity," is now going about the country exploiting Yuletide in the name of poor, Slumland children.

With a number of women hirelings, all of whom are instructed in the gentle art of begging, she goes about with collecting boxes on which there is a picture of a ragged, blind child seemingly in great distress.

Scotland Yard is interested in a self-styled "A.R.P. Warden" who collects for "people evacuated from bombed areas in poor districts."

He is supposed to be in charge of a special A.R.P. unit, and is eager to make evacuees from bombed areas "happy this Christmas."

I hope, as compensation for his roguery, he will spend a most unhappy Christmas in jail.

Charity Suffers

There are also the "Christmas Stockings" Santa Claus who are now collecting for "poor stricken refugees," and for "lonely soldiers in billets": house-to-house cadgers who want money to buy "boots and clothing for children."

I feel genuinely sorry for those well-intentioned people who set out to raise funds for true, deserving causes.

Their work is made heavier by the audacity of the rogues.

More than forty "charities" were investigated in Liverpool last Yuletide, mostly after the "birds had flown."

In one instance £12,000 was known to have been collected, and only £1,000 given to charity!

Afloat in their Shelters!

SHELTER conditions are so appalling on the estate of St. Helier, at Morden, Surrey, that hundreds of people have signed a "petition of protest" sent to me in the hope that I can jolt local officials into action.

A similar petition was first sent to the Merton and Morden Urban District Council, pointing out that neither the public nor the Anderson shelters in the neighbourhood were capable of withstanding the onslaught of winter weather.

No speedy action, however, was taken.

* * *

So I sent a JOHN BULL reporter down there to see whether the complaints were justified. He was appalled.

Anderson shelters were useless, he said. They contained water to a depth of two or three feet.

Attempts to cement floors made no difference. They were flooded as soon as rain fell.

Tenant after tenant told him that he had spent money he could ill-afford in trying to make a shelter habitable. But it was all to no purpose.

Large sums of money have been spent in constructing shelters that cannot be used, and 95 per cent. of the tenants prefer to chance being bombed in their homes rather than risk rheumatism and pneumonia by spending the night in their shelters.

Some shelters remain uninhabited and waterlogged, a happy breeding-ground for pestilence.

* * *

Public shelters were in a disgraceful condition, added the reporter.

Duckboards were floating on water in two of them.

Rain seeped through the roofs and down the walls.

Local doctors had warned patients not to use shelters.

"You can imagine our plight," said one householder. "After our bedding had become soaked in our Anderson shelter we tried the public shelter.

"This was no better.

"We waded through water and then had to sit with our feet drawn up on the forms to avoid the water on the floor."

And I receive similar complaints from all parts of the country!

Rogues in Army Clothing

DESPITE my frequent protests about men posing as Army and Air Force officers, wearing uniforms and decorations without authority, many instances are still being reported.

The authorities have not yet tightened existing regulations sufficiently.

I urge them again to do so.

Francis Harry Taylor, Brighton Road, Reading, told a young airman whom he met by chance in a café that he was an R.A.F. officer.

While the younger man was absent for a few moments Taylor took some letters from his knapsack.

Police soon discovered that Taylor was a clever thief, with sixteen convictions for false pretences and other offences.

Many complaints have recently been made about his association with young men in the R.A.F.

Military impostors must be stopped at all costs.

ABSCONDING from Birmingham, dimple-chinned Richard Arthur Dicketts, who raised many thousands of pounds in various investment schemes during a brief stay in the Midlands as a company director, is now "on the run."

For years he lived on the proceeds of crime, and his poses have been as numerous as they were spectacular.

Among the most able crooks on police records, he has used such names as "Dudley Warren," "Major R. M. Carberry," "Colonel Woodhouse" and "Captain Wentworth."

Watch out for him!

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

MR. F. N. PRICE, Park Road, Chorley, Lancashire, receives this week's guinea.

Mark your envelopes "Public Benefactor" when you write to JOHN BULL about that scandal.

Bad Men of the Balkans

● WILLI FRISCHAUER, anti-Nazi Austrian journalist, tells you why Hitler has enlisted Balkan bandits to prepare the way for his Panzer columns thrust to the Middle East. Their unequalled skill in the art of assassination is essential to his method of warfare.

WE were sitting in a café in Vienna.

I was trying to stem the torrent of words pouring from the grizzly-looking, olive-faced man with glaring eyes and a long black drooping moustache.

"We Macedonians will not allow anybody to oppose our programme," he shouted, as though defying the world with his strange Balkan policy.

I was a little alarmed, but his companion, a pretty but corpulent young woman, listened to his ranting without showing any surprise.

Murdered a Minister

Next day she shot dead a Bulgarian Cabinet Minister who was attending the Vienna State Theatre.

And the fat Macedonian girl, Mencia Carniciu, caught red-handed by the police, was sent to prison for ten years.

After serving a few years of her sentence she went back to her old life of murder-politics.

She was typical of the Balkan bandits who try to carve a political policy with daggers.

Intrigue is their life-blood, murder their aim and prison their fate. They want to create a policy to their own fancy imaginations.

And it is no coincidence that the bandits of Bulgaria, Rumania, Yugo-Slavia and Hungary are the staunch allies of Hitler and Mussolini. Their mentality is the same and they all depend on the same murderous weapons.

Don't underestimate their activities.

Mechanised warfare with tanks, high-powered aircraft and scientifically devised weapons have not outdone the Balkan bandit in his own sphere.

The "Black Hand"

With their unequalled experience in the art of assassination, these Balkan bandits have more than once touched history.

Few now remember Apis the Bull, whose real name was Dragutin Dimitrievitsch.

A smart Serbian army officer until he headed the plotters who assassinated King Alexander and his queen, Draga Maschin.

This dark fellow became the leader of a Balkan maffia that harassed every Balkan politician who refused to conform to its wishes.

It was called "Ujedinjene il Smrt" (Union or Death), but Balkan people soon christened it the "Black Hand." Another black hand wrung many necks in later years.

Arrest of Gavrilo Principi, the boy who precipitated the last war by killing Austrian Archduke Francis Ferdinand at Sarajevo. He was in the "Mlada Bosna"

To become a member of it you had to go through a strange ceremony.

A master of ceremonies, hooded and wrapped in a long black coat, took the oath of allegiance.

Candidates were forced to swear in front of table on which lay a dagger and a revolver.

A member of the Black Hand was supposed to obey every order to kill, or be killed himself if he failed to carry out his orders.

To this day members of the Black Hand, and other similar terrorist groups, take this strange oath—and live up to it.

Among its sub-organisations was the "Mlada Bosna," a gang of radical terrorists, all of them under twenty.

Gavrilo Principi, the boy who started the last war by killing Austrian Archduke Francis Ferdinand, was a member of "Mlada Bosna."

When Serbian and Allied troops joined forces near Salonika, Apis tried his hand at murder for the last time.

The almighty King of the Balkan underworld was caught, convicted of murder and executed.

Farm Headquarters

But his spirit lives on.

I realised this when in 1934 I visited Janka Puszta, a farm in Hungary, which was the headquarters of the "Ustacha," another Balkan "gang."

Balkan terrorists at Janka Puszta were supported financially by Hitler and Mussolini.

They were taught how to use submachine guns, and German thugs trained them in the art of street fighting, of causing a conflagration, of shooting their way out of a tight corner.

Some of the seeds planted at Janka Puszta bore fruit when a terror gang, under the direction of Dr. Ante Pavlevitch murdered Jugo-Slavia's King Alexander in Marseilles in 1934.

This murder, designed to drive Jugo-Slavia into Mussolini's camp, was the work of Axis plotters. And the Axis gave Pavlevitch sanctuary in Italy.

Mussolini refused to extradite him when the French wanted him, and he has been in Italy ever since.

Balkan bandits did Hitler's bidding when he told them to get Titulescu, the anti-German-pro-Allies Rumanian statesman, out of the way.

He made use of them when he revitalised the Rumanian Iron Guard, which threatened to sink into obscurity after Codreanu, its leader, had been shot.

Axis Shelters Criminals

Balkan bandits murdered Premier Calinescu, another anti-Axis Balkan statesman, to prepare the way for pro-Nazi Iron Guard rule in Rumania.

Nazi marks and Fascist lira are again pouring into the Balkans.

Police of the Balkan countries feel helpless when one after another of the wanted criminals disappears over the frontier into Axis sanctuaries.

These bandits always have money and automatic pistols. Hitler no longer trusts their daggers and old-fashioned barrel-revolvers.

Yet he expects them to transform the Balkans into a land of chaos, if the rulers of Balkan States do not comply with their wishes.

The Balkan bandits are on the war-path again.

The Western World usually scoffs at the Balkan bandits. It should not make this mistake again.

ARGUE IT OUT

About Your Budget

By PALLAS

ONCE, years ago, I tried to run a personal budget on lines similar to those followed by that shrewd lawyer, the late Sir Henry Curtis-Bennet.

It was Sir Henry's habit to record in a little book details of every penny he spent. Thus he would note the purchase of an evening newspaper, a tip to a waiter, the cost of a taxi.

And at the end of the day the famous K.C. was not satisfied until he had accounted for every copper.

Sir Henry, I believe, made a good job of it. I failed lamentably.

* * *

After less than a week I was back in my old happy-go-lucky ways, rarely able at the end of a day to remember where my money had gone.

To-day, with the shrinkage in the value of money, the reduced purchasing power of the £, and the increased demands of the Inland Revenue people, a budget, I decided, was an essential to an ordered life.

By making my own cigarettes I estimated that I would save about 11s. 6d. a week.

By cutting out the pre-lunch sherry and the pre-dinner gin-and-French I reckoned to save another 12s.

Such a saving I told myself was considerable enough to pay my railway fares and leave a few shillings over for meals.

Then came the snags.

I would run out of the home-made cigarettes and buy a packet of the brand I used to smoke. (In any case the hand-made variety aren't a patch on the factory-made ones.)

By saving on aperitifs I felt justified in taking home some gin and vermouth. Just one before dinner. But people drop in and somehow the bottles were soon empty.

The cigarette-making machine is now discarded; guiltily I have resumed the sherry before lunch.

I have no defence against this humiliating confession of failure; the only lesson I can draw is that I am not fitted to run a budget, let alone balance one.

Yet there are fortunate people who embark on the perilous seas of personal and domestic finance and make a fine job of it.

They are the people who realise that in making a budget money is not the only factor involved.

* * *

Time devoted to the garden is money saved.

Every cabbage grown is a triumph for the credit side of the ledger.

Every egg you can get your hens to lay is a valuable asset.

To keep a budget running sweetly is a great game.

Constantly the figures try to fool you; always there is a temptation to "splash about a bit" when a particularly brilliant success in domestic economy has been achieved.

But that was in the good old days when one could look ahead and plan ahead.

To-day the budget is a grave, sober task, dealing mainly with the necessities of life, and spurning with contempt those more frivolous items of expenditure which so often used to land us in financial trouble.

Money slips ever more quickly from loose fingers; and ever the demands of a colossal war bill grow.

Once slender margins of economic security have vanished in many instances.

The standard of living is not so high as it was.

This is partly due to rationing, partly to the shrinkage of the family purse.

* * *

But the need for budgets is greater to-day than it was.

The State, despite its drains on income, is ever hungry for whatever remains of your money after your needs have been met.

The State is you. Your budget is the pigmy counterpart of the Chancellor's. If the State goes broke we all go broke.

To budget to-day is to try to save, so that the war machine is kept going at full speed.

It's a duty you owe not only to the country but to yourself.

*** "Old Lancashire lady of 76": Your parcel received and passed on to Canadian anxious to thank you Please send address.**

★ *"A revolution can't change the nature of a man," said Mussolini in one of his more honest speeches, and he must realise now that instead of reviving a nation's spirit the Blackshirt has merely roused a ghost, the ghost of Caporetto.*

Mussolini's G

by VICTOR SCHIFF

FOR years and years the great Powers in Europe allowed themselves to be bluffed by Mussolini's boasts of the redoubtable strength of the Italian forces, regenerated by the virtues of the Fascist regime.

It was left to the pride and courage of one of the smallest nations to call the bluff.

And yet the Great Powers should have known better.

The Italians as a whole have many good qualities which they have inherited from so many generations that eighteen years of Fascist regime were not enough to spoil them seriously. They are hard-working, sober and, at heart, a peaceful people.

There is, anyway, one thing which they are not, which they will never be—good soldiers.

When I say that they are the worst soldiers in Europe one might object that this is the biased opinion of a determined anti-Fascist.

But long before Fascism was born I formed this opinion, as an eye-witness of the retreat of Caporetto, in November, 1917.

I was then a soldier in the Austrian Army which pursued the fleeing Italian forces in the plain of the province of Venice. I say that without any pride, as I know that the Austro-Hungarian Army was only very slightly better than the Italian.

But what I saw was enough to form my judgment.

And I never believed that the Fascist "revolution" had changed very much the negative military virtues of the Italian people.

This was also the intimate opinion of a man who can be suspected neither of anti-Fascist nor of anti-Italian prejudice.

This man is Benito Mussolini.

A story which is perfectly authentic, although it may sound fantastic, has become known only quite recently through prominent Free Frenchmen now living in London, who were close friends of famous French statesmen and diplomats, particularly of the late Ambassador in Rome, Henry de Jouvenel.

This man was one of the ablest politicians of France after the last war. He was by no means an admirer of Fascism, but he was an old friend of Mussolini.

HE was sent to Rome as Ambassador about ten years ago. In this capacity he attended a military parade, and stood by Mussolini's side.

And with more diplomatic courteousness than conviction, he congratulated the Dictator on this fine military display.

But Mussolini, a keen judge of other men's words, was too fond of de Jouvenel to be misled.

"Thanks for your kindness, good friend," he said with a deep sigh and a smile that softened his sombre, suspicious eyes, "but I know my Italians better than that. I shall never be able to make soldiers of them."

So he couldn't blame the rest of the world for feeling the same about the men who had been so humiliated at Adowa and at Caporetto. But it must have been a sore handicap to his diplomacy.

Fifteen years ago, I can now reveal, he was secretly offering his assistance, diplomatic and military, to the German Government in its struggles against Britain and France.

Dr. Gustav Stresemann, then political boss of Germany, would have none of the magnetic little Dictator's advances. He distrusted the Italian.

He was afraid of being double-crossed in the middle of helping Briand and Sir Austen Chamberlain in forming the Locarno policy.

He suspected that Mussolini, once secret negotiations had started between Germany and Italy, would reveal the whole thing to London and Paris, robbing him of all the credit he had gained for his good work at Locarno and Geneva.

Mussolini tried other means.

Already he was subsidising the Nazi movement, but Hitler, as the head of what was then only a small political party, could do little more than start a violent campaign for co-operating with Italy. The effect was negligible.

But it roused the interest of the Nationalist Party, then very strong in Germany, and very hostile to the policy of Locarno.

And as the President, Field-Marshal Hindenburg, was pro-Nationalist Party and opposed to Stresemann's "meddling," he received a deputation of Nationalist leaders, who urged the doddering old battle-scarred warrior to form a secret alliance with Italy.

Hindenburg flared up.

"Stop talking b—— nonsense," he thundered—I was given his exact words by a Nationalist leader who had to face his fury—"Italians will never be soldiers. They are no partners for Germany. One does not make an alliance with the country of Caporetto."

This was the immediate reaction of the former Commander-in-Chief of the German Imperial Army; an old man, maybe, but a man whose knowledge of the world's fighting men was unsurpassed.

His outburst was not unexpected.

He shared an opinion that still exists in the German Imperial Army. A worthless triumph in a sadly weakened, betrayed Abyssinia and the small victories in Spain have done little to alter Italy's reputation.

Keitel and Von Brauchitsch had to yield to the orders of their little corporal when Hitler decided on the Axis policy.

But I am willing to wager that they were not surprised to learn of the second Caporetto in the Albanian mountains. And I know for a fact that they don't relish going to the rescue of the Black Shirts, even though they may be trying to hold their lines now.

I HAVE never yet spoken to any soldier, whether British or German, French or Italian, who did not still seem surprised at the utter defeatism shown by the Italians at Caporetto twenty-three years ago.

I heard it again only the other day, when my friend Philip Noel-Baker, M.P. for Derby, told me of his experience as a British liaison officer with the Italian forces in the mountains of the frontier region.

Later he was with the Italians on the

Swaffer Lifts the L

SWAFFER IN HIS BARDIC ROBES

IS THE NATION GAGGED?

● There is more freedom of speech than we expected.

When the Sedition Bill was being passed the Bishop of Birmingham, H. G. Wells, J. B. Priestley and I were the four speakers at a great meeting organised to protest against the tyranny of its provisions.

"If it becomes law," I declared, "a speech made during the last war by Ramsay MacDonald, now Premier, could not be published as a pamphlet, 'in case it fell into the hands of a soldier.'"

Before the war started, machinery was created to suppress opinion.

Instead, even "Peace News," which opposes the war and is therefore "seditious," is allowed.

So are the publication of Communist growls apt to cause disaffection.

But the threatened terrors of the Sedition Act have not been applied.

Compulsory censorship of opinion was plotted once. The plan came to nothing. But there are veiled hints, suggestions and half-warnings from Whitehall.

The Government is touchy.

It does not like criticism.

It does not always understand that, when we criticise, we do so, not to find fault, but to speed victory.

Even Labour men, who were most vehement in their criticism when in opposition, are as sensitive as the rest now they are in the Government.

SHOULD THEATRES BE OPENED AGAIN?

● There are now only two or three theatres open in London, and a few plays on tour.

The black-out has thrown out of work thousands of actors and actresses. After having appeared for other people's charities for nothing for years, they are now in distress themselves.

The only remedy is Sunday opening, now impossible because of an old-fashioned Act, passed by Charles II, of pious memory.

Under this, it became illegal even to sell chocolates on Sunday. Still, that is allowed.

If London theatres were now opened on Sunday afternoons it might mean the difference between profit and loss, because they would at least get one full house on a day when the workers could fill it.

As Jesus is reported to have said, "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath," surely His commonsense might be copied to-day, actors and actresses saved from impoverishment.

ARE WE PREPARING FOR A LONG WAR?

● While Winston Churchill talks casually of a great offensive in 1943 or '44, nobody seems to be preparing for a long-term war.

Still opposing deep shelters, Whitehall does not yet understand that, if the war is to last till 1944, at least half the nation must be prep... life.

Undergro... ensure out...

Vast num... pected to st... ditions in ...

There is ... scientific a... men, mate...

Instead, ... diency to e...

The Pre... as it has ... almost frig...

AND WH... TUBE ...

● Well, ... other nigh... special ra... lines carry... warm milk ... chocolates.

Everybod... wonderful ... newspapers ... people, tri... well away ... guns, were ... awakening.

Yes, it se...

In the ge... sheltering ... sausage-rol... was said ab... being mad... creature co...

Ghost

hundred and fifty mile front down to the Adriatic.

I've never seen so many men running away, running away from their own guns, their enemies and their friends. It was utter demoralisation.

Forty miles long, the wide straight road stretched from Udine, capital of the province and headquarters of General Cadorna, the Commander-in-Chief, to the river Tagliamento.

And on each side of that road there were lorries, motor-cars, horse carts, guns, gun carriages, food wagons, shells, rifles, uniforms, barrels of wine, cans of petrol, archives swimming in pools of tomato juice, field kitchens, and ambulances.

And at the narrow bridge over the river the runaway Italians, caught in a hopeless jam, had merely thrown away any other possession with which they felt burdened. The waste was beyond description.

A few days later I came on endless processions of prisoners; eight or ten thousand men in a line five miles long.

They were happily marching eastwards to captivity with only a few elderly Austrian reservists, armed with rusty rifles and no cartridges, as their guards.

Austrian lorries, crawling to the front in columns, were driven by Italian prisoners. They wore yellow armlets on their greenish uniforms —so that they should not be challenged!

They had complete liberty, and gladly accepted the offer to serve their enemies rather than live in prison camps.

They joked with their Austrian companions, and they laughed over the strange situation when they took wine among the girls in the villages.

The Austrians, led by crack German squadrons, advanced into enemy territory. Headed for Piave, the next river, they forgot all military rules.

"We have had bad luck with the weather," said an official Rome communique in an effort to explain why the Italian High Command had suffered such a thrashing at the hands of the Greeks. And apparently the Blackshirts don't care for bayonets—and mud!

Not a single shot was heard, or anticipated. Sometimes we found a group of fifty or a hundred Italians waiting on the roadside.

They wanted to be taken prisoner.

They waved to the Austrians, offered them cigarettes.

They were delighted because the war was finished for them.

And the Austrians, whose spirit was little better, envied the Italians.

Meantime, young Austrian officers rode past, holding open umbrellas to keep their gay uniforms from getting wet!

That was Caporetto.

The Austro-Hungarian Army was not much better than the Italian. The break through Caporetto was mainly the work of the German Army Corps under General von Bulow, who left the Austrians to do the "mopping up."

In need of reinforcements, the German High Command on the Western Front recalled its crack corps from Caporetto, and the bewildered Austrians suddenly found themselves confronted with British and French divisions that had been rushed across the Alps under Lord Cavan and General Fayolle to "stop the rot."

"Stimulated" by the presence of Allied bayonets in their path, the runaway Italians turned round and faced us, holding their line until the Hapsburg monarchy crashed.

NOW let me tell you the true story of that "great victory" of Vittorio Veneto which Italy has been celebrating since the last war.

Germany had been defeated on the Western Front in the second half of August, following the failure of her own great offensive on the Marne in July.

Blow after blow had driven the German armies back from occupied France and Belgium.

In September the Bulgarians broke away from their Central European Allies, leaving the Turks cut off and helpless.

Yet the Italian Army did not move.

News that the revolution had broken out in Vienna and Budapest reached the front line troops.

They began to desert by tens of thousands. Then entire regiments, brigades and divisions began marching home.

By the end of October the front trenches along the Piave were virtually evacuated by the Austro-Hungarians.

For several days the Italians on the other side of the river did not even notice it.

Then, very cautiously, they sent out patrols over the river.

They found the first line of trenches empty, and were very surprised.

On the next day, they sent out stronger reconnoitring patrols, and discovered that also the second and the third line were evacuated.

It was only then that they ordered an "offensive."

After wasting thousands of shells on an enemy that was no longer there, they crossed the Piave!

This is the history of the "great battle" of Vittorio Veneto, which was no battle at all, but a cautious walk-over.

The Italians realise that they have no stomach for a straight fight, and they'll admit it.

Helped by Nazi *panzer* columns and superior armaments, they may wade in again, as they did last time, threatened from behind by a tough ally.

But in the still of the night Mussolini must do a lot of heavy thinking.

How right he was when he said that a revolution can't change the nature of a man; how sad he must feel that instead of reviving a nation's spirit he has only roused a ghost—the ghost of Caporetto.

the Lid

must be prepared for an underground life.

Underground factories are necessary to ensure output during air raids.

Vast numbers of people cannot be expected to stand, winter after winter, conditions in the present shelters.

There is no Government plan for the scientific and economic co-ordination of men, materials and machinery.

Instead, we blunder on from expediency to expediency.

The Premier's casual remark, followed as it has been by a lack of planning, almost frightens me.

AND WHAT ABOUT THE TUBE SHELTERS?

● Well, they made a great shout the other night when a Tube Refreshment special ran through the underground lines carrying with it gallons of hot tea, warm milk for babies' bottles, buns and chocolates.

Everybody made speeches about this wonderful piece of organisation, and newspapers even declared that the people, trying to sleep on the platforms well away from the noise of bombs and guns, were grateful for the midnight awakening.

Yes, it seemed a great success.

In the general back-slapping the people sheltering were promised hot food soon, sausage-rolls and soup, but not a word was said about permanent arrangements being made for their more important creature comforts.

Not one of the dignitaries explained why six weeks have elapsed since these people were promised that they would soon have reasonable sanitation, proper bed-parking facilities and other small comforts that would lessen the horror of lying all night on a station platform because the Government had not prepared deep shelters months ago.

I suppose people do need feeding in the middle of the night. But there is greater need for making station shelters less offensive not only for sleepers but also for early morning travellers.

Surely it is not so difficult to put running water in the Underground. I don't mind about the ban on naked flames!

WHAT WILL HAPPEN IN THE BALKANS?

● A few weeks ago we were facing the prospect of a possible invasion of Egypt by the Italians, and, later than that, a German drive to Salonika, as the first step towards a seizure of oil in the Near East.

Then an unexpected Greek success, due to Mussolini's blundering, saved us, for the time, in the Mediterranean.

But people forget that, as Hitler has not yet declared war on Greece, his emissaries are still in Athens with their Embassy and Consulate and hundreds of spies.

Supposing that Greece, exhausted after her daring achievement, became disheartened because we did not wholeheartedly support her.

And supposing that Hitler said to Greece, "I will guarantee your integrity."

Then what would happen?

Should we, in difficult circumstances, once more try Appeasement, give up Crete, a Greek possession?

"All aid for Greece" should be our policy.

Knocking Italy out of the war is the speediest way to victory.

WHY HAS BRITAIN BEEN SAVED SO FAR?

● More than anything, we must be grateful because we were born on an island.

The score of miles of water dividing us, at the nearest point, from the continent of Europe is a wide moat across which there is no drawbridge.

Had Britain been joined up with the rest of Europe it could have been as easily overrun, after the collapse of France, as were Poland, Holland, France and Belgium.

Because Hitler had to prepare a fleet of flat-bottomed vessels on which he could land guns, tanks and equipment before attacking us, we had breathing space in which we could rearm and become strong enough to resist invasion.

Our birth on an island has allowed us to develop qualities that are unusual.

This has increased our obstinacy of nature. Centuries of safety have developed in us a contempt for foreign foes.

It has given us a stalwart faith in liberties which, on an island, we were allowed to evolve.

Then our varieties of quickly changing weather made us hard and tough.

Climate and geographical isolation are the two chief reasons for our stalwartness.

But we must not depend on that. We must work and arm and organise—and with every speed.

This bright-eyed young Briton is growing up on WEETABIX . .

—and he's one of thousands who owe their sturdy constitutions to this energy-creating cereal. Mothers everywhere pay tribute to Weetabix, especially in war-time. Weetabix is not only good to eat but economical to buy. All food, no cooking, no preparation.

Weetabix provides variety, too, because it can be served in so many different ways; with hot or cold milk, or spread with jam, marmalade, honey, fish or meat paste, cheese, sliced tomatoes, sardines, etc. Prepared from sun-ripened wheat . . . that's why it's so rich in the essential vitamin B1 and the natural mineral salts for maintaining health and strength. A.R.P. workers and all engaged on long spells of duty find Weetabix wonderfully appetising and sustaining.

British Made by British Workers

WEETABIX LTD. (Dept. J.B.22), WEETABIX MILLS, BURTON LATIMER, NORTHANTS.

Weetabix

Of all Grocers and Stores

STANDARD SIZE 7½ D.

DOUBLE SIZE 1/1

A food that is making new friends

Fry's Cocoa has three sorts of friends. First come the 'regulars' — men and women who have stuck to Fry's ever since the last war. Then come the old friends of Fry's who discovered its worth in the last war and are now drinking Fry's regularly again. And last of all come the thousands who are drinking Fry's for the first time — and are determined never to go without this wonderful food drink — in war or peace. A piping hot cup of Fry's is full of goodness, food value and energy value, and is rich in nerve-strengthening substances. Fry's has actually come down in price since the war—and *the quality is unchanged.*

FRY'S COCOA

RICH IN NERVE FOOD

DOWN IN PRICE • *Now 5d. per ¼ lb.*

C.242.141140

Coughing through the long night hours is the most deadly wearying trouble. It is also a symptom of a serious threat to chest and lungs. This winter, of all times, you cannot afford to take chances. With the possibility of sudden exposure to cold damp night air your danger will increase many times over. Take a dose of **VENOS** *Lightning* **COUGH CURE** and don't waste any precious hours of sleep. **VENOS** *Lightning* **COUGH CURE** acts *like Lightning*. Soothes the chest, strengthens the lungs, stops the cough and ***arrests the development of dangerous germs.***

For night workers and those who must go out in the early morning air, **VENOS** *Lightning* **COUGH CURE** is the finest safeguard.

1/5 & 3/5 per bottle. *(Incl. Purchase Tax)*

VENOS *Lightning* **COUGH CURE**

MINISTRY OF FOOD

THIS WEEK'S FOOD FACTS

ON THE POTATO FRONT

POTATOES are home grown: we can eat as many as we like without using one inch of cargo space. Potatoes are good for us: they give us energy and bodily warmth and are what scientists call "protective" foods—that is, they help us to ward off infections. And remember — potatoes shouldn't always mean *boiled* potatoes. There's no end to the delicious ways in which they can be served.

Can you Cook Potatoes?

Before you answer "Yes" just read quickly through these questions.

1. Do you always *scrub* your potatoes rather than peel them? (Nearly one-fifth of the value of the potato is lost if it's peeled.)
2. Do you conserve the goodness of your potatoes by baking or steaming them whenever possible? (If you haven't a steamer, a colander put over a pan of boiling water and covered with the pan lid will do.)
3. When boiling potatoes, do you boil them only for 10-15 minutes, then drain, cover with a cloth and the lid and then let them cook in their own steam for about 20 minutes, to keep them whole and floury?
4. Do you keep your baked potatoes nice and floury by bursting them gently when they are done, and returning them to the oven for a minute to let the steam escape?

Potato Salad

The golden rule about Potato Salad is "Mix warm and eat cold."

Steam some potatoes in their skins, peel and cut them into small chunks while still warm, add a finely chopped raw onion and whatever kind of salad dressing you like best. Mix these together thoroughly with a wooden spoon. When the salad is cold, add a good sprinkling of chopped parsley.

Stuffed Baked Potatoes

Large baked potatoes can be stuffed in a great variety of ways. Here are three suggestions:

1. Cut the potato in half lengthwise, scoop out most of the inside and mix in a basin with pepper and salt and about 2 ozs. of grated cheese. Pile the mixture into the potato cases, sprinkle the tops with a little more grated cheese and return to the oven to brown.
2. Mix the scooped-out potato with about 4 ozs. of cooked meat or fish, finely chopped. Season with salt and pepper, pile into the cases, sprinkle with chopped parsley and reheat in the oven.
3. Mix the scooped-out potato with any left-over cooked vegetables and serve as above.

Potato Pastry

There's no end to the things you can make out of potato. Try this recipe some time. You'll need:—

4 ozs. sieved, cooked potatoes, ½ teaspoonful salt, 8 ozs. plain flour, 3 ozs. cooking fat, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder.

Sieve the flour with the baking powder and salt. Rub the fat into the flour, add the potato and rub in lightly. Mix to a very dry dough with a small quantity of cold water. Knead well with the fingers and roll out. This is delicious with either sweet or savoury dishes.

Cautionary Tale!

Those who have the will to win
Cook potatoes in their skin,
Knowing that the sight of peelings
Deeply hurts Lord Woolton's feelings.

Remember to turn on the wireless at 8.15 every morning to hear useful hints and recipes.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1

"JOHN BULL'S" 10-MINUTE STORY

HALF-WAY HOUSE

BY WILL SCOTT

EVEN the blind man at the corner of Candlestick Alley could see that things weren't going to be the same in war time. You couldn't expect it to fall into your little tin cup at a bob a time *now*. People hadn't *got* it.

But Mr. Dumble never thought it could come to *this*. Why, it was *ruin*. For twenty years he had owned a car. For twenty-five years, Monday to Friday every week—except holidays—he had lunched at Dove's. And he had always travelled first class.

The departure of the car was not too bad. All kinds of people were giving up motoring. You couldn't get the petrol; which was a good excuse. People needn't know you were going down just because you gave up the car.

And it did stave things off a bit.

But in the end they had to know.

That abominable day when Mr. Dumble *crawled* to the booking-office and said: "Cannon Street, third," and crawled away again, not daring to lift his eyes. . .

Third. . .

Even that wasn't the end.

Now, with the car gone, he had to take taxis about the City. *Taxis*. . . . He, Mr. Dumble.

And even *that* wasn't the end.

The end, the end of all things, came on that Black Monday when he passed by on the other side of Cheapside and did not dare even to look across at Dove's.

Dove's. Established 1723. With its two little downstairs bars, its dark and print-covered staircase, its dozen round-the-corner rooms, where you fed like a lord and never troubled to look at your change, but scooped it up carelessly and slipped it into your pocket, as if money didn't matter Nor *had* it mattered. Dove's. Established 1723. . . . It had been like a second home to Mr. Dumble. Letters addressed there would have found him.

And now, after twenty-five years, he had to slink past on the other side, without daring even to look across at the old place, in case some of the companions of those twenty-five years, peeping out of the windows, should see him.

Mr. Dumble, not knowing which way to turn, turned into a dark alley because it was dark. It was the kind of place where they keep the lights on all day. Nobody there would know him. He could not be *seen*.

A GLASS sign with the words LUNCH: TWO SHILLINGS caught his eye. He stopped.

It was a tucked-away City tavern, and you and I might have found it oddly attractive. But Mr. Dumble shivered. Indeed he nearly shuddered. Lunch: two shillings! You might as well go on tramp!

Still. . . . In times like these. . . .

Mr. Dumble went in

It was a twisted-about kind of place, all angles, and there was a bar actually in the room where the tables were! If it had been established in 1850 it was lucky. More likely 1860 or 1865. One of those nasty new places.

Still. . . . In times like these. . . .

There were not yet many people in. Mr. Dumble got a seat close to the fire. If you could call it a seat. It was an upright settle thing, unvarnished and very narrow. Memories of Dove's, where you could spread yourself!

Next to him was a red-faced man who seemed to be quite cheerful about something. To look at him you might have thought there was no war on at all. That substantial people, corner-stones of the country, were not going down.

Red-face annoyed Mr. Dumble.

"Look at it!" said Red-face. "Fit for a king and as much as you want. Do you think they could get this for two bob in Germany now!"

"Nice day!" he said presently.

"I beg your pardon?" said Mr. Dumble.

"Nice day!"

"Oh, yes. Yes, I suppose it is."

Red-face looked at the fare piled on his plate and smiled a wide smile.

"Do the Germans good to see this!"

Mr. Dumble looked at the fare piled on his plate.

"Oh?" he said.

"Look at it!" said Red-face. "Fit for a king and as much as you want. Do you think they could get this for two bob in Germany now? Say three bob with a good beer and the tip thrown in. Fit for a king!"

Which, thought Mr. Dumble morosely, was one way of looking at it.

"I like this place altogether," Red-face went on. "The first time I've been here. I shall pick it for regular, I think."

"The first time *I've* been here," said Mr. Dumble sadly.

"Something *substantial* about it," added Red-face. "Solid. Not one of your here to-day-and-gone-to-morrow places. Not a *dive*. You know what I mean."

"I see," said Mr. Dumble.

"I guess it was *established* years ago," said Red-face. "Tucked-away it is. Old-fashioned. That's what I like about these old City places."

"Old-fashioned?"

"You know—*tradition*."

"I see," said Mr. Dumble.

"Of course," Red-face admitted, "it isn't everybody who could afford to feed in a place like this."

Mr. Dumble stared at him in astonishment.

"*I* couldn't, until just lately."

He looked at the cheese with an approving eye.

"That's a bit of good cheese!"

And Mr. Dumble had to admit that it was

Presently Red-face got back to his topic.

"The war makes a difference."

"The war does," Mr. Dumble nodded.

"I mean to one's affairs."

"That's what I mean. . . ."

"I MEAN, take this." Red-face gave a round sort of left-to-right nod which took in the whole of the tucked-away City tavern. "This was right out of my reach until the war came. Sandwich and half a pint in a pub, and wait for a hot meal until I got home at night. That was my line. But now, with contracts here and contracts there, it's made all the difference in the world."

"Really?" said Mr. Dumble.

"Well, I mean to say, you feel like lashing out a bit when you've got it to lash out with, don't you?"

"I suppose you do," said Mr. Dumble.

"I used to catch 'buses," said Red-face. "Had to. No option. Now I dash about in taxis everywhere."

"Taxis?"

"Taxis. Why not?"

Mr. Dumble thought it over.

"Better than 'buses certainly."

"Too true! And you get the business quicker, so that the taxis pay for themselves."

"Quite," said Mr. Dumble.

Red-face's fingers were tapping on the tablecloth.

"Yes, say three bob a day for lunch, all in. Five days a week. Fifteen bob. Considering what you get for it, I don't consider that's chucking money away, do you?"

Mr. Dumble nodded, which you could take to mean Yes or No or whatever you liked.

"I mean, when you're going up you've got a bit of a right to lash out, don't you think?"

"Ah!" said Mr. Dumble. Which again meant Yes or No or whatever you liked.

RED-FACE put his napkin aside and produced a cigarette-case.

"Smoke?" he said.

"Thanks," said Mr. Dumble, surprised at himself.

"*And*," Red-face resumed, "when you can eat like we've eaten to-day—fit for a king and as comfortable as you like, with a background that's real *solid*—and dash about in taxis and what not, and not worry if you stay here at the table five minutes after the clock's struck; well, then, I reckon you can say you're going up, eh?"

"That's one way of looking at it," said Mr. Dumble

"Yes," said Red-face, poking his tip away, "I think I shall pick it for regular. This place, I mean. It makes you feel sort of *secure*. I don't know if you get my meaning."

"I think I do," said Mr. Dumble.

"And when you feel *secure* it's halfway to *being* secure, don't you think?"

"Something in that."

"That's what I meant about the Germans," said Red-face. "There can't be many Germans feeling as we do to-day, after a slap-up feed in a swell place like this. That's what I meant. If they could see us *now* they'd think, 'Well, if that's all we've done to Britain in over a year, what's the sense in keeping on *trying*?' If you see what I mean. I mean this is *prosperity*."

"Aha."

"No poverty-stricken Britain *here*."

"I see what you mean," Mr. Dumble nodded.

They got their hats and coats and passed out into the bleak alley.

"I go east," said Mr. Dumble.

"So do I," said Mr. Red-face. "Back of Cornhill. No use taking a taxi that short distance."

"Oh, no," said Mr. Dumble.

They approached the end of Candlestick Alley.

"The blind man's still there, I see," said Red-face.

"Been there years," said Mr. Dumble.

"You'd think, in a country as *prosperous* as ours, that sort of thing needn't be," said Red-face, sticking his chest out.

A moment later:

"I *used* to give him a penny."

"Some gave him a shilling," said Mr. Dumble, with memories of the generosity of the old days.

"Ah," said Red-face. "We may be going up, but we haven't reached the top yet, you know! Not the very top."

Footsteps coming. . . .

Tinkle. Tinkle.

Footsteps going. . . .

The blind man fumbled in his little tin cup. Two sixpences!

"Blimey!" said the blind man. "A bob at a time! It's just like before the war! Makes you feel *prosperous*!"

The lads of the village—

stand firm in boots polished with

Cherry Blossom Boot Polish

— the polish which is favoured by all the famous regiments because it gives such a brilliant shine so easily and keeps boots comfortable and fit for "Active Service."
In Black, Dark Tan and Tenette, etc.
Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4.
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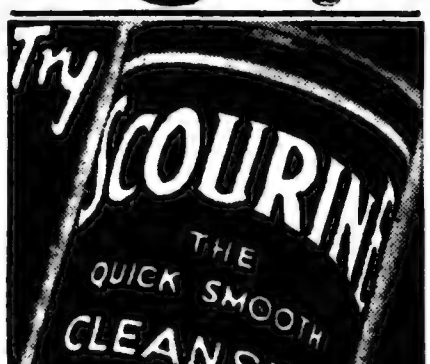


Get some from WOOLWORTH'S or from any grocer or stores

Sleep...

WHAT IS SLEEP? For centuries, hundreds of scientists and medical men have investigated the cause of sleep, with the result that many different theories have been put forward.

Some of the more popular ones are :—(1) that sleep is due to an accumulation of fatigue poisons in the blood ; (2) that it is brought on by lack of blood in the brain ; (3) that it is associated with the secretions of the glands ; (4) that it is caused by muscular relaxation.

The fact is that no one has ever established a theory that is completely satisfactory.

What is sleep? Can you cut down your hours of sleep without injury to health? Is day sleep as valuable as night sleep?

These and other questions, of vital interest to us all today, are discussed here.

ALL we know for certain about sleep is that when a person is asleep, his metabolic rate decreases. His blood pressure is lower, his digestive functions are less active, his body temperature falls, he breathes less deeply and more slowly.

That is a description of the body during sleep. A description of the working of the nervous system is less easy.

THE fact, for instance, that a mother can sleep through thunder or the roar of passing trains, but wake at a whimper from her baby, shows that, even during sleep, the mind is wakeful enough to select noises.

Similarly, today, some of us sleep through the noise of bombing and gunfire — and wake when the alarm clock rings !

And we can do this, even though we are sleeping deeply, not shallowly.

AS everyone recognises, there are different "sleep groups" — different levels at which we may sleep. And as we all know from experience, the deeper we lie in the ocean of sleep, the more refreshed we are when we "come up." Whereas, if we lie on the surface of sleep, we waken with a sense of having been busy all night, unrefreshed, and less able to cope with life's difficulties.

One point on which the investigators have agreed is that it is the *quality* of sleep, not the *quantity*, that counts.

Some people look perfectly fresh and feel splendidly fit although their hours of sleep have been reduced. They are the people who get the restful, refreshing kind of sleep — 1st Group Sleep.

It is not known *why* some people get 1st Group Sleep while others don't but, by the empirical method, (that is, by observation) it is known that after drinking Horlicks people do get 1st Group Sleep. They go to sleep more quickly and sleep deeply, quietly, restfully, so that they waken completely refreshed.

YOU will find that you get that kind of sleep if you take a cup of hot Horlicks last thing at night. Start taking it tonight and see how much better you feel tomorrow all day long. You will find that you are more refreshed after four or five hours' of 1st Group Sleep than after eight hours' shallow, restless sleep.

Night workers, who sleep during the day, will find the same. The investigators have shown that exactly the same body changes take place in the sleeper whether by day or by night. And the same rule applies to day sleepers : It is not the *amount* of sleep that matters but the *kind* of sleep. So take your Horlicks just before turning in and get 1st Group Sleep.

THIS picture was used by the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, U.S.A., as a symbol of the comfort that passengers would find in their trains. The people of America took the kitten to their hearts, named her "Chessie," adopted her as a national pet. She's had kittens since!

A Smile that's worth while

A real Odol Smile is almost a National Asset these days. Don't take any chances with it. Don't risk using tooth-pastes which employ abrasives to secure whiteness. They can't avoid injuring the thin coating of enamel which alone prevents decay. What about the paste you are using now? Grind a little between your front teeth. If there's the least trace of grittiness, change to Odol. All Dentists know Odol is absolutely safe, yet it makes and keeps your teeth like pearls.

Your fighting man will welcome a tin of Odol Solid Dentifrice in his next parcel. It's the most convenient to carry.

Keep the winning **Odol** *Smile!*

TOOTH-PASTE AND SOLID DENTIFRICE

COLDS & 'FLU

are quickly banished by **Cephos**

THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY

Sold everywhere in tablet or powder form at 1/6 and 3/6.
SINGLE DOSE (Prices include Purchase Tax).
2½D

HUMANIST tells parents perturbed by the spectre of war in the nursery what attitude to adopt when their children think of war only as an exciting game

PLAYING AT WAR

"He has come to live and dream aeroplanes and bombs, he absorbs every scrap of war talk and can already tell different types of aircraft and the characteristics of bombs . . . yet there is a look of apprehension in his eyes when we hear an enemy raider"

CHILDREN have an awkward way of asking the most pointed questions. They can so easily grasp the significant point in any argument, and by calmly putting a chubby finger on that vital spot they can make the most profound philosopher look around anxiously to make sure he is still on safe ground.

Questions children now ask about the war are causing parents to feel anything but happy about man's inhumanity to man.

The child who ponders on the absurdity of German bombers coming over British cities to scatter death while R.A.F. aircraft do the same to German cities, says: We might as well stay at home and do it ourselves."

That is logic—yet he must be shown where his thinking fails.

Then there are the growing boys who get the war fever.

Listen to this.

"We have an intelligent boy of six," writes a father. "He prefers the company of older boys and has come to live and dream of aeroplanes and bombs.

"He absorbs every scrap of war conversation, listens to radio news to learn how many enemy machines have been destroyed, can distinguish different types of aircraft and knows the characteristics of the various types of bombs.

"He realises that bombs kill people, and has his own distorted ideas on the subject of war.

"Regularly when he takes his evening bath we hear the throb of raiding aircraft, and his apprehension is shown by his questioning eyes.

"His imagination prompts him to ask questions.

"I try to explain that the chances of being hit are remote, yet he answers: 'Yes, I know, but a bomb might drop on us.'

"He lies awake for hours, and no one can guess what his youthful mind has dwelt on in these solitary hours.

"I write in the hope that a psychologist of your understanding can advise me how to sway the thoughts of our children."

They are Interested

We cannot conceal the war from children.

And children's drawings show that they are more interested in the mechanics of the war machine than in its horrors.

It is natural for a boy to want to know the different types of aircraft, their speeds, altitudes, and sizes. There can be no harm in his studying this subject.

It is natural that he should be interested in the achievements of the R.A.F. They inspire him with confidence and pride.

Again, I am convinced that young children are not so alarmed by the thought of death as we would imagine.

They can be very callous.

Christians and Mohammedans alike agree that (in the words of Peter Pan) "to die will be an awfully big adventure." Yet those children who have had no religious teaching seem less scared of death than those who have heard about it from sermons and hymns.

Usually when children are scared they have caught the fear from an adult.

Only yesterday I heard of a girl of eight, living in the danger zone, who said: **"Yes, the raiders are a nuisance, but I'm only worried about Mother!"**

Obviously it will be best for parents to adopt an attitude of casual indifference to danger.

Panic is infectious, and children quickly sense the emotions of grown-ups.

Children should be taught to take care just as they should be taught "Safety First." Once they know what to do to avoid unnecessary risks the subject should be taken for granted.

Most parents and teachers agree that children have accepted the "Blitz" with surprising unconcern.

A Mother's Fight

Next problem comes from a mother of a boy of fifteen.

"Do you think I am doing the right thing," she asks, "in going out to work to keep him at a High School?

"He is a clever lad, and won a scholarship three years ago.

"My husband is only a navvy, and until the war began he was as eager as I am for the boy to receive a good education.

"But since the boy's grandfather and grandmother have come to live with us everything is changed.

"They sneer at me for bringing up the boy to be a 'toff,' and tell me I am a fool.

"Worst of it is that other boys of his age are earning fair wages, and the constant grumbling in the home is beginning to get on the lad's nerves.

"Somehow I can't help feeling that the three years at the High School ought not to be wasted.

"My husband has now begun to side with the old people.

"I point out the advantages of his having a good job are worth sacrifice on my part. But they won't agree.

"Every night we have the same argument. I really don't know what to do, but I do know that my son is a splendid boy and is studying hard."

My sympathies are with the mother.

The old people's arguments are familiar; we always hear them when boys are sent into blind-alley jobs. The immediate wages are rated higher than a fine position later on.

And the boy is handicapped for the rest of his life.

He has to be content with a £3-a-week job when he has brains worth £10 or more.

Wasted Material

It is a lamentable waste of first-class material.

And the boy will always be unhappy in doing work that makes no demands on his intelligence.

If this particular lad were lazy, dull, or ungrateful, I should not advise the mother to keep on working for him; but he deserves to be given every chance.

This idea of giving a boy three years at a good school and then taking him away with his education unfinished is just as stupid as pulling up a year-old apple-tree because it has not produced fruit and might be used as firewood!

But the problem may not arise.

When a boy accepts a scholarship his parents guarantee to let him go through with his training.

He would probably not be allowed to leave.

His father and grandparents can grumble as much as they like without having their way. The pity is that they are spoiling the happiness of the home.

I have dwelt on this problem because I have had a number of similar letters on the same subject lately.

In almost every instance I say, 'Give the lad a chance. Take a long view. It will be amply justified in the future.'

In these days of specialisation, a good education is of enormous importance.

The old beast-of-burden labour will soon all be done by machines.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

NOBODY expects this Christmas to touch the high spots of happiness. It can do little more than give us the chance to demonstrate our affection for those who are near to us, and to let those far-flung friends know they are not forgotten. But we should remember those people to whom a Christmas clouded by war will bring only more misery.

It's fine to remember those we know: its still finer to remember those who think they are forgotten.

You might play fairy godmother to a seventy-two-year-old widow who is ill in bed.

Her husband, a veteran of the Boer War and the last war, died only a few months ago, leaving her to struggle on alone on the Old Age Pension.

JOHN BULL has already helped her by preventing County Court proceedings started because she could not pay instalments on her furniture. But she is still worried because she owes her doctor £3.

Then there is another old age pensioner, a soldier of the last war, who was forced by ill-health to relinquish a business that kept him in moderate comfort.

While in hospital, nursing an arm injured in a fire, the roof of the house in which he had a bed-sitting room collapsed and ruined his few possessions.

He has only the Old Age Pension on which to start again.

You could at least make life happier for these two old people.

Please send your donations to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's issue will be sent on application.

We are grateful to those who contribute under pseudonyms.

All administration expenses are borne by JOHN BULL.

Guineas for Readers

Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbagful of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without your name, of course).

VALUES

HOW small the things seem that once we greatly treasured, things which God warned us have such little worth, things which corrupt, and fade, and swiftly vanish, things which belong entirely to this earth. Things which mean nothing when Life's vital issues lay their great weight upon our hearts to bear, To-day the things we treasure are all with us, To-morrow not a vestige may be there.

HOW great the things that once we scarcely noticed, things which God bade us guard as Life's great prize. Love, which all earthly ills and fears can banish if men will use its glorious merchandise. Love, the True Way of Life, Christ Lived and showed us, the Only Way Humanity can grow—above the things which lead to its Destruction. How dearly have we come such things to know.

HOW great the things that are our Soul's possessions, friendship, and trust, and hope, and faith divine, but still men seek the things that have short values, they covet grapes that hang upon Pride's Vine. They think that Fortunes can upholster Living with luxuries which will oil all its wheels, and so they lose things that make Life worth living, for Heaven is built upon men's high ideals.

HOW great the things which transform Life's Dimensions, things which are ours to give, and take, and share, things which no matter where we have our dwelling, light up our lives with something very rare. For Heaven is not somewhere beyond our reaching, where all our souls are grouped when Life is done. Heaven is This Life Lived in its Perfection, when Right Things their Eternal sphere have won. J. M.

The Mixture ... as before

Just what me and my mates would like to hint gently to all good wives. That the gift tin of "Digger" Mixture (or maybe Flake or Shag) last Christmas was a great idea ... And the prescription can safely be repeated with every prospect of being doubly welcomed this year.

PLAYER'S DIGGER TOBACCOS

FLAKE · SHAG · MIXTURE · PLUG · HONEYDEW

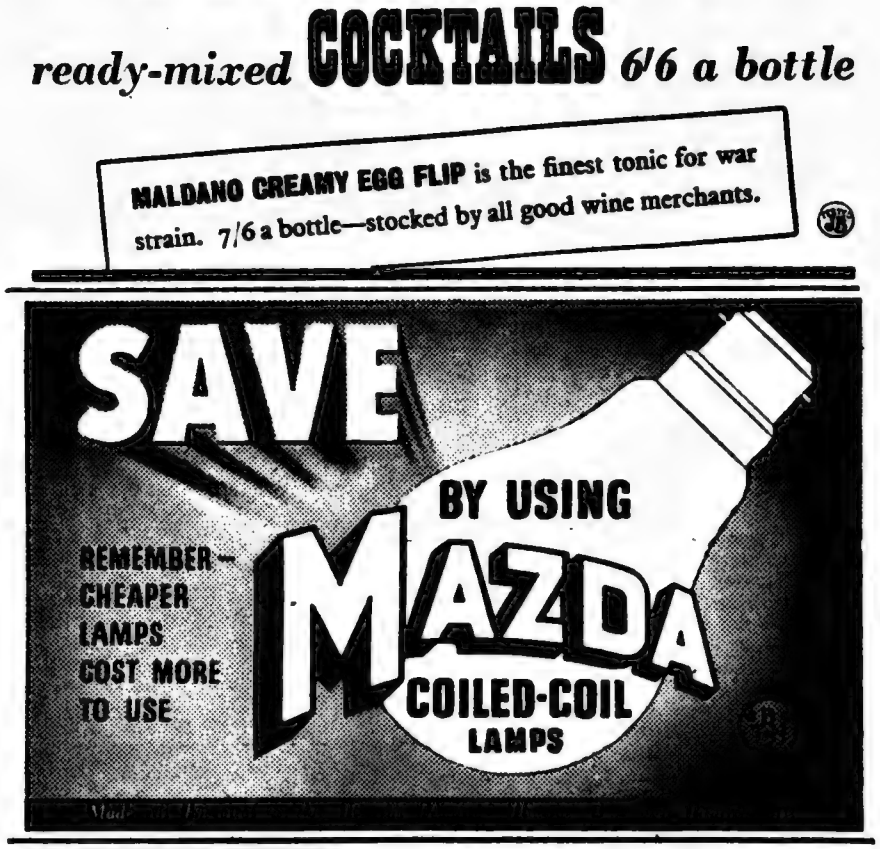
P.D.84

Pre-war cocktail ingredients are hard to come by nowadays. All the more reason why you should serve Maldano *ready-mixed* cocktails. Full strength, subtle flavour — just like old times. 14 palate-tickling varieties, 14 glasses in every bottle.

MALDANO

ready-mixed **COCKTAILS** *6/6 a bottle*

MALDANO CREAMY EGG FLIP is the finest tonic for war strain. 7/6 a bottle—stocked by all good wine merchants.



The scarcer they get—

THE MORE THEY'RE WORTH!

LOTS OF PEOPLE who wanted to buy a Murphy Set have been disappointed this year. It just hasn't been possible to make all that were needed, chiefly because much the greater part of our time has been occupied with what we will tactfully call "work of pressing importance."

To be candid with you (and it won't help either you or ourselves to be anything else) there is no likelihood of this state of affairs improving, but a big probability that it will become more acute.

If you *want* a Murphy Set, we do most strongly advise you to get an order in to your Murphy dealer as quickly as you can; and be willing, if necessary, to be patient about delivery.

It is no pleasure to us to tell you in effect that you can consider yourself jolly lucky to get a Murphy Set at all these days, but that's what we really mean!

E. J. POWER.

All Murphy Sets, exclusive of valves and batteries, guaranteed for a year

MURPHY

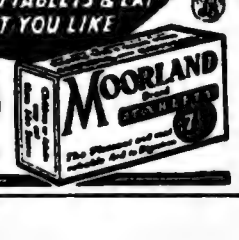
doing our level best on Two Fronts

C.B.C. 625

Instant relief from
INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS
DYSPEPSIA, FLATULENCE
ACIDITY, HEARTBURN
PALPITATION, GASTRIC CATARRH

MOORLAND INDIGESTION TABLETS

TAKE TWO TABLETS & EAT WHAT YOU LIKE



ALL CHEMISTS 7½D & 1/3 PLUS TAX

COBRA *is so easy to use*

and BEING WHITE it does not alter the original colour of Floors, Furniture or Linoleum

COBRA WHITE WAX FLOOR POLISH

C-HG-3

Wm. WREN & Co. (Watford) Ltd., WATFORD.

DURING THE BLACK OUT

KEEP ALL THE FAMILY HAPPY ...

Play RILEY BILLIARDS and ensure relaxation.

9/- DOWN

brings delivery of a Riley "Home" Billiard Table.

Now more than ever it is essential to provide healthy entertainment at home. There is nothing like Riley Billiards to ensure this. 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Carr. paid. Pay Balance Monthly. Buy NOW before prices increase.

A size for every room.

WRITE for ART LIST

E. J. RILEY Ltd., Anson Works, ACCRINGTON.

Rogue Jockey's Last Gamble

Tod quivered with passion as he raved at Thompson. Words that blistered the tongue rolled from him in a constant stream

By a SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

THE two-thirty at Sandown seemed as good as won. The willing colt beneath me was stretching his legs in great style, and I was already reckoning on a nice present when, without warning, I was bumped and bored and nearly thrown over the rails.

I was a youngster then, just beginning to attract the attention of the owners and trainers, but I knew enough of the racing game to realise that no other jockey, not even Tod Sloan, crack rider of two continents, was entitled to break my neck.

In the weighing-in room I tackled the dapper little man who had robbed me of the race.

"Any more of your cheap Chicago tricks," I said, "and I'll brain you."

Tod just smiled.

He could afford to smile. He was top-line in jockeys, carrying the colours of such owners as the Prince of Wales, Lord William Beresford and other nobs.

"Listen, son," he said softly. "One day you'll be riding for the big shots, and you'll find out they like to win."

"I like to win now," I said.

Tod was too friendly to quarrel with.

He promised he'd make it up to me, and that night, after he had stood me a slap-up dinner, we parted fast friends.

Tod lived like a lord.

For some time I put up with his gay parties, his revels in night clubs.

Then I began to avoid him.

But not for long.

He came to my rooms one morning and dragged me along to his hotel, where he had a swagger suite.

I found a bunch of Yankee toughs there, swilling champagne and smoking cigars. One of them, called Fiddling Freddie, a long, lean, lantern-jawed fellow, pulled up to me, kept plying me with champagne.

SOME time afterwards Freddie asked me to go with him to the lounge for a quiet talk.

He hadn't been talking long before I realised with a shock that he had sized me up as a likely member of his Jockey's Ring.

"Listen, Jimmy," he began, "I hear you've got a mount in the Derby next week."

"Well, what about it?" I said.

Freddie gave me a queer look. "There's an animal in the race that might beat us for a lot of dough."

"What's its name?" I asked.

"Forfarshire," he replied. "And it has a chance of beating the favourite. There's a thousand for you to look after it."

He never batted a hair as he spoke.

And he smiled calmly when I turned down his proposition.

"You're backing the wrong horse, Freddie," I said "and do me a favour—don't ever talk to me again."

He waved a languid hand, grinned. "O.K. No hard feelings."

The first thing I did when I got to Epsom was to warn Sam Loates, Forfarshire's jockey, of what was going to happen. He was a wise guy, Sam, and he laughed in my face.

"You take it from me," he said confidently, "no one's going to push little old Sam around."

But little old Sam *was* pushed around. The Prince of Wales led in Diamond Jubilee, the winner, to the roars of the crowd.

They didn't know how lucky the Prince's horse had been. They hadn't seen an American jockey crash alongside Forfarshire and give a terrible bump just as it was moving up to take the lead.

I won't give the name of the jockey away.

He's dead now, anyway.

But he'd fallen for Freddie's offer and had enabled the gang to clean up a hundred thousand of the best.

I gave Tod and his crowd a wide berth after that, for I expected them to be warned off any day.

Then a few weeks before the Cambridgeshire I heard that Fiddling Freddie and the boys were at work again—this time on a French horse called Codoman, which was to bring them the greatest clean-up they had ever planned.

At this time Tod's record was gradually getting worse, and on at least two occasions he had been hauled before the stewards.

But he was blind to all warnings and was dazzled because he had received a sort of half promise that he would be first jockey to the Prince of Wales in the following year.

From that moment on, Tod thought he was a racing law to himself, and he certainly acted like it.

He had ridden Codoman in France, and thought it a snip for the Cambridgeshire.

Inducing the owner to bring the horse to Newmarket, he set the boys to operate the market.

A millionaire Frenchman called the Pawnbroker King was in on the deal for £100,000, and Tod himself stood to win about £50,000.

Codoman had only one rival in the race, an Irish horse called Berrill, and when the boys could not get at its trainer or its jockey, John Thompson, they decided to get at the horse.

But the box was too heavily guarded and they had to give that idea up.

Their only chance left was to see that Berrill was bumped out of the race. But Thompson, a wise jockey, took no chances.

He was off like a flash at the start, keeping yards ahead of the field all the way, and winning by four lengths.

Tod was second.

A wailing cry came from him as he slipped off his mount.

His face was pale.

For the first time in his wild career he had received a nasty jolt.

He had backed Codoman for all he possessed, and the shock of her failure left him seething with rage.

HE looked so furious as he followed Thompson to the weighing-room that I decided to go along, too, in case of trouble.

Tod quivered with passion as he raved at Thompson. Words that blistered the tongue rolled from him in a constant stream. But if he expected to provoke the Irish lad to a fight he was backing the wrong horse.

Thompson only grinned, and took it.

But Tod's unbridled tongue succeeded with a chance listener much more powerful than the Irish jockey.

As he yelled his head off, Tod had not noticed that one of the stewards, standing near, had heard every word.

The row was enough to put paid to Tod's racing career.

For a long time the stewards had been waiting for him, and now they had enough evidence to hang him.

Scandal was the last thing they wanted.

Tod's connection with the Prince of Wales had to be considered.

All that night Newmarket was alive with rumour, and next day, when Tod was hauled before the stewards, the storm burst.

Someone had talked, and talked plenty.

The stewards knew everything.

What the gang had been trying to do.

What Tod was to get if he won; and they even had an estimate of what he had cleaned up in betting transactions that year.

Tod claimed that his conscience was clear and that he had done no harm; but the judges were unmoved.

On the Saturday night I was having a drink in a West End bar when Tod came in. He was quieter and more serious than usual. His bout with the stewards seemed to have sobered

"Beat it back to the States, Tod," I warned him. "Your number's up here."

But Tod made a contemptuous gesture with his glass.

"Ain't you forgotten something," he drawled. "I reckon you don't remember who my friends are, pretty powerful friends, too."

My heart went out to Tod.

"Don't you see," I explained, "you've blotted your copybook. You can expect no help from the Prince and Lord Beresford now."

The following week Tod received a polite note intimating that he need not put on the colours again, and suggesting that prospects might be better for him back in the States.

Lord William Beresford persuaded him to go, explaining that he might get his licence back the following season if he was a good boy. So Tod went, and he was not warned off.

It was announced that he had gone for a little holiday.

But the little holiday stretched to a lifetime.

The stewards were tired of bribed jockeys, and of dopers, copers and knockers!

The bar up against Tod in London followed him to Paris, and even in the United States his bad name had got around.

In Belgium the stewards had actually written out Tod's licence when they got a hint of something dirty, and tore it up in his face!

One morning, years later, I picked up a paper and read: "Tod Sloan dies in America."

The troubles of one of the greatest jockeys who had ever gone astray were ended.

Next Week: Wiles of a Jockey's Wife.

★ *Second of a series of tales of the Turf, this story of a crook jockey who rode only to make easy money provides an excellent insight into the methods employed to keep British racing clean*

The band of experts dealing with readers' queries will handle any subject, other than medical, on which you care to write.

The procedure is simple. Merely address your enquiry to JOHN BULL'S FREE ADVICE SERVICE, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing with it a stamped, addressed envelope.

Don't let that Financial, Insurance, or Sporting matter puzzle you further. Write to JOHN BULL about it!

DOCK-MASTER Prisoner in his room for FIVE YEARS

Helpless Victim of Nerves

MAGNIFICENT RECOVERY DUE TO HIS DOCTOR'S ADVICE TO TAKE DR. CASSELLS TABLETS

Mr. Brizland was, during the Great War, on the important duty of Graving-Dock Master at a famous docks. He worked night and day — until he broke down. His subsequent experience is in this letter :

Eccles, Lancashire.
9th July, 1940.

Dear Sirs,

I had a nervous breakdown and was so ill they could not say if I would get out of bed again. They told my wife I was done for. However, I did get up again, but was so weak and nervous I was afraid of the least sound. I dare not leave the room for almost five years. I tried everything. *I did not know what to do and when my doctor came in one morning I said to him " Is there nothing you can suggest to relieve this terrible feeling ! " He said " Have you never tried Dr. Cassells Tablets ! " I said " No ! " Then he said " Well, give them a trial ! " I at once sent for a 3/- bottle.* After one or two doses I had never known the pleasure of such restful sleep for the last five years, so I continued with them. I began to get about in such good form that people who had seen me so bad wondered. I told them the true story of your Dr. Cassells Tablets. I am 66 years of age now and feel better and stronger than I was 20 years ago.

Yours faithfully,
(*signed*) James Brizland.

Dr. Cassells Tablets build up NERVES, BRAIN and BODY!

If you are weak—ailing—sleeping badly—unable to work, TEST THE QUICK TONIC ACTION OF DR. CASSELLS TABLETS.

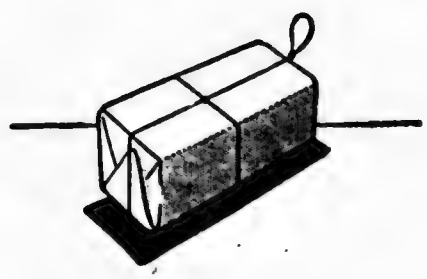
Get a bottle from your chemist today!

TAKE Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS

1/5. 3/5, 5/8 everywhere (Including Purchase Tax).

STORY-

wrapped up in a parcel



A parcel passes over a shop counter—unwittingly a blow is struck at the nation's war effort! Inside that parcel is a luxury—something its purchaser **could** do without Its manufacturer has used skilled hands, valuable time and machinery—which should have been forging the weapons of war or producing those things essential to the nation's life.

Think of this before you make any purchase whatever, and **buy nothing that you can possibly do without.** No matter how trivial **your** purchase may seem, never forget that if everybody spends thoughtlessly, prices will rise and the nation's effort for victory will be hampered.

So go to a Post Office or your Bank or Stockbroker and put your money into Defence Bonds or National War Bonds; or buy Savings Certificates; or deposit your savings in the Post Office or Trustee Savings Banks. Join a Savings Group and make others join with you.

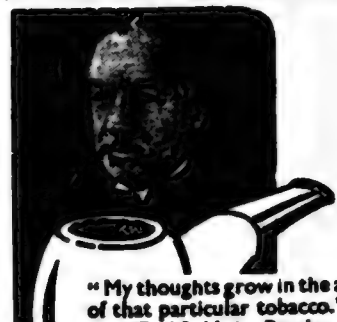
Issued by The National Savings Committee, London

HOW TO CLEAN THE LAVATORY
thoroughly, easily, pleasantly

MOST housewives have extra work to do these days. So Harpic's quick, simple, efficient action on the lavatory is a boon indeed. It cleans, disinfects and deodorises all at the same time and leaves the bowl spotless. Try it! Harpic is sold in new easy-flow tins at 6d. 1/-, and 1/9.

HARPIC for the lavatory

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON



"My thoughts grow in the aroma of that particular tobacco."
(Earl Baldwin, Dundee, 1925)

Presbyterian Mixture 1/9

A. GALE & CO., LTD., GLASGOW.

Simple Recipe to End Catarrh

Can easily be made up at home.

Don't let that catarrhal infection get a hold, try this simple medicine—the recipe is easy to make and very economical. Get from any chemist 1-oz. bottle of Parmint (Double-Strength), empty the Parmint Essences into half-pint bottle, fill the bottle with warm water, sweetened with a little sugar, honey or syrup, and shake until dissolved. There is nothing to equal this Parmint syrup recipe for smashing the worst attack of catarrhal cold. From the first dose you feel relief, it clears the stopped-up passages of the nose and throat, ends head noises and dullness, soothes and relieves the soreness of the chest. Dosage : one tablespoonful 4 times a day. Cut out this paragraph to remind you to get some Parmint (Double Strength) so that you can try this recipe at once.

★ THIS IS *YOUR* FEATURE—A WEEKLY OPPORTUNITY FOR READERS TO TELL THE WORLD THEIR NEWS AND VIEWS. WE PAY 10s. 6d. FOR EACH LETTER PUBLISHED.

ADDRESS: "VOICE OF THE PEOPLE," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2

AMONG the things I have been asking myself is: "How can the Italians, a race numbering just about the same as the population of Great Britain, present an invincible front of eight million bayonets welded into one mass of steel?"—to use the Duce's own words. As we can only raise four million fighting men from these small islands, somebody is talking rot.—P. J. Bateman, The Drive, Fulham Road, London, S.W.6.

Somebody is. Musso!

PERSONAL experience of shipping to-day is that exporting—vitally necessary to our war effort—is being paralysed by the unnecessarily chaotic conditions prevailing at the docks, and not due in any way to enemy action.

How can firms afford to have lorries waiting for hours to be unloaded at the docks — just through all-round ineptitude? In some cases material has to be brought back because a boat hasn't docked, or has turned out to be full, or because some niggler says the shipping papers are not quite in order.

Small wonder that some road transport carriers are refusing to pick up traffic for the docks.

It is a downright shame that people who are actively engaged on manufacturing exports should see their efforts frustrated by a mere handful of people. —A. Newing, Shirley Avenue, Thornley Park, Denton, Manchester.

FEW persons seem to have noticed how appropriate to these days is the third verse of that fine, rip-roaring old patriotic song, "Hearts of Oak":—

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes.
They frighten our women and children and beaux:
But should their flat-bottoms in darkness get o'er,
Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.

All I would want to add is: Not arf they won't.—Herbert Bennett, Brinnington Road, Stockport.

EAGER to do all he can for the national effort, a West Country farmer and his son work like galley-slaves to achieve maximum output.

They cannot do it alone—and have tried time and again to get extra labour.

After many applications to the Agricultural War Committee they sent him one applicant, a man who had never worked with his hands before, and who was worse than useless.

Meantime, there is a danger of crops rotting in the ground.—James Huxtable, Pilton, Barnstaple, Devon.

This is no isolated instance. Many farmers have complained to us of the same difficulty.

NEAR my home is a house that was cracked like an egg by a bomb that dropped near it.

At first the family were asked to find other accommodation, but later the city engineer reported that "it wasn't too bad" and the family were to stay.

He wouldn't guarantee, he said, that the building would stand an even slight shock, but, undisturbed, it would stand all right.

One supposes he had got a personal assurance from Hitler that another bomb wouldn't drop in the vicinity and administer that "slight shock."—N. Davidson (address withheld).

YOU wouldn't credit what "tripe" the Army puts into an envelope, which is then put into a second envelope and then sealed with great mounds of sealing-wax.

Much of the stuff that is rushed through the night by motor-cyclists need never have been written.

Then I turn to men's private records. I pick up a set belonging to a trained engineer or electrician who I know has answered an SOS for men of his kind—and know that he is peeling spuds.

And outside, in Civvy Street, we try to train much-needed engineers from men who have no aptitude.—L. E. Walker, North Wales.

JOHN BULL is constantly calling attention to this square pegs in round holes evil.

A FRIEND in South Africa tells me of an old widow she knew who bore two sons, killed during 1914-18, and five daughters.

One of the daughters married a German, lived in Germany, and bore her husband a son.

Visiting the family, the old lady was told by her grandson: "Some day I will come to England, too, grandma."

The writer of the letter has worried since war broke out, imagining that boy flying over to bomb grandma.

But now she has heard from the old lady. As a naturalised American, the young lad has entered the R.A.F. And, because he is a very brilliant young airman, she expects great things of him.

He has "come to England."—K. M. Casserley, "Cranford," Lonsdale Place, Derby.

THOUGH I have been in the A.F.S. since the war broke out, I am still without uniform.

Having only a tin hat and respirator, I approached a local official, and was told politely that they were still waiting for uniforms.

Still waiting—after I had given fifteen months of service.

The rubber jack-boots, an important part of the equipment, are purchasable at a local shop. And I thought the Services had priority!—L. H. New, Auxiliary Fire Service, Swindon, Wilts.

We hear of a Home Guard who waited months for his denims, and was at long last given a torn set. His wife sat up all night repairing them. Next morning they were called for. Denims were being withdrawn!

THE Ministry of Agriculture hopes that as many as possible of the people in this country will keep pigs and feed them with scraps.

Does it know how many people would keep allotments if they were not allowed to touch one leaf or root of what they grew in them?

Yet that's the position of a man who obeys the Call to the Swill Tub. He can't touch a hock of the animal he rears and feeds.

Let the Ministry give every man a *steak*—forgive the joke—in the animal he fattens and, bearing in mind that the pig feeds the allotment just as surely as the allotment feeds the pig, home food production will go up all round.—G. Barton, "Fircliffe," Darley Dale, Derbyshire.

JOHN BULL always believed that great things could be done with the Pig Club movement if the members received some incentive in pork.

GOVERNMENT spokesmen gave a positive assurance that registration was to enable a complete census of the nation to be made, and that the information obtained would be used for no other purpose.

Yet it is the practice of various town councils and rate offices to refer to the National Registration Office to trace people who have neglected to pay rates or failed in some other such way as citizens.

While I hold no brief for delinquents, I feel nevertheless that the Government guarantee of confidence should be observed and enforced.—John Barnett, Pier Road, Littlehampton, Sussex.

We have re-read the Government pledge of confidence. It seems to us that if local authorities ARE getting information from the National Registration Office for the purposes suggested by our reader, it is a complete breach of that pledge. We must add that no evidence has yet reached us that the registration is being misused in this way.

WHY more sugar and tea for Christmas?

Yuletide is a poor reason.

One day we may need this extra food to maintain our normal supplies. To "wolf" it all because it is Christmas is based on poor reasoning.—R. W. Lock, Watermoor Road, Cirencester, Glos.

Food reserves are bigger than Reader Lock seems to think. Lord Woolton won't take from the national larder what he can't well spare.

I NORMALLY live in a so-called neutral zone. I and my children, ages nine, five and two months, are evacuated here at our own expense.

There isn't a penny of help for us from national or local funds.

Yet our neutral zone has had more than its share of bombs.

Occupants of a district adjacent that hasn't had half so bad a time have had their fares paid to places of safety, and are given weekly allowances.

Surely Hitler doesn't regard any part of London as "neutral." That being so, why should the Government?—Mrs. E. Millington, Prenton Place, Handbridge, Chester.

Authorities stupidly reclassify a London district after it has been bombed severely. All London is a danger area, and in our view as many as possible of the people who have no business in London and cannot help its war effort should be asked to leave, and given assistance if they need it.

BOMBED out of our London house, we were given free storage of our bedding and furniture by the Council.

Finding that our stuff was being placed next to a collection that was verminous, we decided to store it elsewhere at our own expense.

The cost—five shillings a week—represents real sacrifice, yet because we pay it the authorities have reduced the billeting allowance allowed us as evacuees.—S. E. M., Hertford.

ONION ramp ends—now look out for the apple ramp. I have watched the price of English apples soaring. I was born and bred in a big apple-growing region, and have many relatives in the business as growers.

I doubt whether they get anything approximating to the fancy prices we are already having to pay.

We have seen what restriction of imports does with onions. Apple imports are restricted, too. Instead of waiting for the obvious to happen, we should act. —W. S. Harvey, Trap Lane, Brent's Green, Sheffield.

Reader Harvey showed himself an excellent prophet. Day after his letter was received, JOHN BULL heard apples were to be controlled as authorities scented a ramp was pending. Two days after that, Ministry of Food officially announced "control in near future."

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2s. 6d. is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

EVENING STANDARD:—"The deputation also have plans for increasing protection for those whose work keeps them in the front LINEN."

YORKSHIRE EVENING NEWS:—"It is PROPOSED that it capsized after firing a torpedo at ships in Gibraltar Harbour."

BRISTOL EVENING WORLD:—"Squeeze out and pass through a WANGLE or wringing-machine."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—"On each storey of the shelter there will be eight BIRTHS."

FIFE FREE PRESS:—"The sea was lit up by a tremendous momentary flash and this was followed immediately by a heavy DONATION."

BOLTON EVENING NEWS:—"... so as to allow the trams to continue running without CONVENIENCE."

EVENING CHRONICLE:—"Eleven motorists were summoned at N——— Police Court, to-day, for showing too bright lights on their cars, and FIRES varying from £1 to 10s. were imposed."

NEWCASTLE EVENING CHRONICLE:—"Another witness noticed NIGHTS on the car about the time of the crash."

DAILY EXPRESS:—"The maximum prices for SKINNED condensed milk, which is unsuitable for babies, remain unchanged."

THE EVENING CITIZEN:—"They were not sacked. They RESIGNED."

HULL DAILY MAIL:—"The Greeks are speedily organising home defence forces. GIFTS are enlisting as ambulance drivers in the Red Cross. . . ."

The Last Laugh

PROFESSOR (Watchet).—"I fell into a pond the other day and was going down for the third time when I suddenly remembered something important." That you could swim?

D. C. (Sawbridgeworth).—"You must admit that there are some queer features associated with this war." Yes, Hitler's.

TOPSY (Brighton). — "Some people cause happiness wherever they go." Others, whenever they go.

L. D. (Bagshot).—"I wonder what an Italian officer would do if he met a British Tommy." Draw his sword and cut down a side street.

F. A. (Thames Ditton).—"My wife was really offensive to me and, after a long argument, threw her hat at me. It hurt, I can tell you." Meaning, we suppose, that she's an air raid warden now?

MRS. G. (London). — "My husband, dear, thoughtful soul that he is, has insisted on my going away to the country to get a long rest from air raids." See letter below.

L. G. (London).—"A very attractive widow has taken the flat next door to us." See letter above.

F. L. (Stevenage).—"A mirror I have had in my bedroom for twenty years fell down and broke yesterday. Can you tell me what that means?" Yes, buying a new one.

F. N. (Bury).—"I had a pointed reminder to-day that Christmas was getting near." We once sat on some holly, too.

A. T. (Sussex).—"When the siren sounded I went for a mile run." Why have your dug-out so far away from the house?

D. N. (Wincanton).—"There'll be no rich cakes and sparkling wine for me this Christmas, I'm afraid." Send them along to us. We're not afraid.

D. L. (Balham).—"After I had thrown a brick through my neighbour's window because he was showing a light, he accused me of trying to get my own back." Were you really anxious to regain possession of the brick?

MRS. L. (Eltham).—"Give a man a comfortable armchair, his favourite pipe and a good book and he will always be found by his own fireside in the evening." We must see that our local slate club secretary is thus equipped.

G. M. (Grendon).—"On my first day in the Army I missed my early morning cup of tea in bed." Still, we suppose the sergeant-major cannot help overlooking one or two occasionally.

E B. (Ealing).—"This should prove a better winter for keeping apples than the last one." Why? Have your small sons been evacuated?

D. M. (London, N.).—"I wonder what would happen to a German airman if he landed by parachute in the middle of one of London's parks?" He would probably be told by one of the keepers to keep off the grass.

V B. (Liverpool).—"There is always one worker in every firm who is respected by his fellows." You mean, of course, the cashier.

G. G. (Leamington Spa).—"Everybody seems to be contributing towards the purchase of Spitfires. Have you done so?" Why, we acquired one for ourselves for 7s. 6d. years ago and we've still got her.

J. McJ. (Dundee).—"The girl I took home in a taxi the other night was a real stunner." You could hardly keep your eyes on the meter?

Y. M. (Esher).—"Even the dullest office can possess a little beauty." She may not be so good at typing so she generally makes the tea.

MRS. M. (Chelmsford).—"When I was fined for keeping my small son from school, I pleaded that he would not wash." Nor did your excuse, apparently.

F. R. (Luton).—"After reading these pages I have written, do you not agree that the Government should control some things much more strictly?" Yes; writing-paper, for instance.

EX-BOXER (Bermondsey).—"Before I married and got a regular job, I often used to fight for big purses." Now you even surrender your wage-packet without a murmur?

H. A. (Tiverton).—"The man is a terrible snob. He says he can trace his family back beyond William the Conqueror, though I must say he lays no claim to his ancestors having been in the Ark." He'll probably tell you they had a boat of their own.

HOUSEWIFE (Mitcham). — "I bought a shillingsworth of fish to-day and got about as much as would go on a pin." Winkles must be expensive these days!

AUCTIONEER (Clapton).—"Women, at any rate, have not yet invaded my profession." It would be difficult for one to stand before a crowd and announce "Gentlemen, all I want is an offer."

(Side-Slips : See page 21)

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Do yer reckon I got this sighted right, Mister Agamemnon?"

You too can have husky NEW STRENGTH & NEW FOUND ENERGY Make this Test

Thousands of Weak, Rundown, Depressed Men and Women say "VIKELP" brought these Results where all else failed!

. . . it will do the same for YOU!

To-day you, too, can learn the secret. The secret of replacing lost Minerals, Vitamins and Food Iodine into your system. The secret of re-vitalising your body with those life-giving elements—**Iron, Phosphorus, Calcium, Sulphur**—5 other Minerals, **Food Iodine,** and **Vitamin B.**

An amazing, newly discovered sea plant was found to contain these precious substances in natural form. Now it is concentrated and comes to you as Vikelp—the food tonic. Start to refuel your body with Vikelp Brand Tablets to-day. Replace those lost Minerals and Vitamins as you begin to feel low, jaded, depressed and listless. Note the unmistakable results. You build up — become vigorous, vital, alert. Nerves steady. New energy, new strength surges through your whole being. You tackle life anew.

FREE.

Send this coupon to-day for free booklet crammed full with vital information "How to Gain New Health, Energy and Strength." Write to Health Products Laboratories, Ltd., Dept. J.B.12, 128/134, Baker St., London, W.1. (You need only 1d. stamp.)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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Never Neglect INDIGESTION

Put an end to Indigestion immediately it arises and prevent the danger of dreaded gastritis, inflammation and stomach ulcer. **MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder** speedily neutralises acid, soothes pain, cleanses the system, protects delicate membranes and *assists* a return to healthy digestion. Get a 1/5 bottle *to-day*. If not completely satisfied with RESULTS return empty carton to Macleans Ltd., Brentford, and your money will be refunded in full. Don't miss this wonderful opportunity of getting lasting Stomach Relief.

Only genuine if this signature appears on bottle, carton or tin. Alex. C. Maclean

From all Chemists. In bottles 1/5, 2/3, 5/7½

Also in Tablet Form in Handy Pocket Tins, 7d.

—Including Purchase Tax—

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/3 and 3/-. Purchase Tax extra.

BACKACHE

Urinary Disorders Rheumatic Pains

common signs of

Weak Kidney Action

HEALTH slips away when the action of the kidneys slackens. Harmful acids and wastes retained in the blood cause sharp or nagging pains in the back, urinary disorders, bladder weakness or rheumatic pains. You may suffer persistent headaches, attacks of giddiness, getting up at night, stiff, inflamed muscles and joints, puffiness under the eyes. You probably feel weak, nervous, all played out.

Let Doans brand Backache kidney Pills make you ready and able to tackle the day's work. The diuretics, antiseptics and stimulants in this special kidney medicine will flush, strengthen and invigorate the kidneys and the urinary system.

Healthy kidney action will filter away harmful impurities, purify your blood and relieve your pain and discomfort. Doans Pills do not drug the system to give temporary ease; they ensure relief by their direct action upon the kidney filters.

1/5, 3/5, 5/8 (incl. Tax). Ask your Chemist for

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

NEW TREATMENT KILLS GERMS OF CATARRH

LATEST SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY GIVES QUICK RELIEF

The *'Khatorene' Dilator-Penetration - Treatment* opens up shut nostrils, and allows powerful germ-killing medicaments to penetrate *nose, ear* and *head passages* which are inaccessible to the usual inhalants, ointments, "drops" and disinfectants. Treatment is in two parts—"Dilator-Penetration" clears Head and Chest: "Tonic Cleansing" drives Catarrh from Organs *within the body.* SEND 4d. ONLY for FREE Trial Supply and explanatory booklet, *"From Catarrh to Perfect Freedom."* Send TO-DAY.

THE KHATORENE CO.

(Dept. J.B.), 52, High St., Ross-on-Wye.

HOW TO END PILES

A Doctor's Formula Gives Prompt Relief

What would you give to be *really* cured of those torturing Piles? To find protrusions growing less and less until they finally disappear, never to torment you again? A doctor's formula brings this relief within the reach of every sufferer. The Magic Head Pile Cure positively heals, even when the piles are so swollen and bleed so alarmingly that an operation seems inevitable. Surgical methods are both unnecessary and unwise. If your life is being made miserable by this distressing complaint, be persuaded to try the Magic Pile Cure. The first application will stop pain and irritation almost instantly. The alarming loss of blood is arrested, swelling and inflammation gradually die down, and the piles are soothed and healed in a way that seems miraculous.

If you have never tried this wonderful remedy, do so without delay.

FREE SAMPLE gladly sent on request to Magic Laboratories, M.N.14, New Court, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

WIN ONE OF THESE 1,140 PRIZES Value over £300

£100 £20 £10

100/- 80/- 60/- 40/- 38/- 36/- 34/- 32/- 30/- 100 Xmas Cards 5/-

20 BONUSES £1 each value £1

Bonus Award value £1 for each of the 20 entrants whose sets of six "Bullets" on one coupon show most all-round merit.

MEATS · FISH · SOUPS · FRUIT · BISCUITS · JAM

25 HAMPERS of PROVISIONS

1000 MERIT AWARDS

FINE CHEQUES and SEASONABLE HAMPERS

ONE WEEK ONLY CLOSING POST MARK SAT. DEC. 21

1,089 PRIZES JUST WON—THIS WAY TO WIN YOURS!

£100 First Prize—"BULLETS" 1,248
L. Sgt. P. SAVAGE, (2030003) 403 Bty., 99th Regt. R.A., Battery H.Q., Somewhere-in-Britain.
Example: FAT ON THE BACK
Bullet: DOORSTEP—SPOILING EMPIRE'S "FRONT."

£20, Second Prize: N. Pate, 76, Pinnox Street, Tunstall, Stoke-on-Trent.
Example: Petain
Bullet: Lacked "Sand"—Land Sacked.

£10, Third Prize: Mrs. A. Farrow, 79, Dorothy Street, Henshaw Street, Oldham.
Example: Our Fighters
Bullet: Like Locusts—*Then* "Harvest."

100s.: J. Robinson, 136, Chapel Road, Oldham.
Seeing Her Danger—America Says She's Dangerous.

95s.: R. C. Bingham, 5, Martell Road, London, S.E.
Petain—France's "Ghost," Not "Spirit."

90s.: J. Shaw, 80, Coalshaw Green Road, Chadderton, nr. Oldham.
Amid The Debris—"It *Was* Siren, John!"

85s.: F. S. Walls, Snr., 14, Chard Terrace, Falmouth, Cornwall (Entered on Prize Coupon).
The Night Was Foggy, So—*Friends* "Game Over" Instead.

80s.: F. Smith, 37, Heathfield Road, Bromley, Kent.
Greece Was Neutral, But—Greek Bullets Greet Bullies.

75s.: Miss D. E. Chappell, 6, Belgrave Gardens, Southgate, London, N.
Amid The Debris—"*Court*" Holds The *King*.

70s.: J. T. Ryder, 6, Smelt Street, Bacup, Lancs.
Petain—Needs Bath-chair Grandpa's Discarded!

65s.: J. A. Clayton, 1, Mauldeth Road, Rhos, Colwyn Bay, N. Wales.
Amid The Debris—Paw Appeared—Sonny Disappeared.

60s.: J. James, 2, The Nook, Newton Park, Chester.
Wailing Willie—Harmonious, After 'Waits' Harmonium!

55s.: D. Whittingham, 68, Winsford Gdns., Westcliff-on-Sea.
Amid The Debris—Arm-chair! Shan't Need!

50s.: A. E. Payne, 15, Wakefield Road, Brighton, Sussex.
Made Auntie Suspicious—Carats Joined Suicide Squad!

List of 25 winners of Christmas Turkeys and 50 winners of Christmas Fowls can be seen at these offices. The 20 £1 Bonuses and 1,000 Merit Awards have been posted.

SIMPLY add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* and you have made a *Bullet* which may well capture a fine Hamper crammed with good things or, better still, a £100 cheque.

Read the prize-winning *Bullets* on the left and see how easily you can get that winning sparkle with a few everyday words. Then get busy with your *own Bullets*. Have a real whack at those *Examples*—*and make the next First Prize Joy Wire YOURS!*

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

THE NEW BRITAIN
UP IN THE AIR
DE VALERA
ON THE RUN
PROFITEERING
TO EASE THE STRAIN
AFTER HITLER
FOOD
HARD TO FOLLOW
AT RANDOM
OUT OF THE WAY
TOO LATE
BANKRUPT
NOT TO BE HAD
VILLAGE SIREN
OVERCROWDED
WORRIES
RUDE AWAKENING
IF WE'RE ALIVE
EVERYTHING'S DEARER, BUT

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

To Stop ..... Way To.....
In Sonny's..... The People's.....
Crushing ..... Puzzle For.....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EX. .....
B. .....
EX. .....
B. .....

LAST 2 EFFORTS FREE WITH 4 PAID, THUS GIVING 6 SHOTS FOR 1s.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid *Bullets* on this coupon.

Signed.....

P.O. Value.... No.....

Address .....

1,252 Closing Postmark SAT., DEC. 21

Affix 1d. STAMP for copy of "Bullets" BULLETIN

To Secure Your Bulletin. ADDRESS adjoining label fully to yourself, affix 1d. stamp to space provided and thus make sure of your Bulletin containing hints to help you win. Do not miss this opportunity to secure your 3,500-Word Guide to success.

CLEAR BLOCK LETTERS.

Name .....

Address.....

.....

6S

STAMPS may be used as ENTRY-FEE — stick them to this form and enclose with your *Bullets* Entry.

AFFIX STAMPS BY CORNERS ONLY TO SPACES ABOVE AT THE RATE OF 3d. FOR EACH "BULLET" ENTERED.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

RULES 1. First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Postal Order or Stamps stuck to separate form provided must be enclosed for entry-fee. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross / & Co. /, write name and address on back. Members of H.M. Forces are privileged to submit entries at HALF-RATE entry-fee, provided coupons are personally completed and service rank is indicated. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

Coupon on right—best entries on plain paper equally eligible—same rate of entry-fee.

ENTRY-FEE: Use P.O. or Stamps—6d. for each 3 *Bullets*. Pay for 4, get 3 FREE.

ADDRESS ENTRY: "Bullets" No. 1,252, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

John Bull's Xmas Gift to You

HURRY! ONLY A FEW MORE DAYS!

Written 5-YEAR GUARANTEE with this SET

A Reader's Appreciation
"EIGHT YEARS' SERVICE."
Mr. R. B. Hyde, of 56, Langton Hill, Horncastle, Lincs., writes: "For eight years my 'John Bull' Pen has been in constant use, including the writing of Lecture notes daily."

John Bull
7/-
Xmas Gift Voucher
This Voucher will be accepted as 7/- in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set De Luxe. Voucher must be accompanied by a postal order for 5/10, which includes postage and insurance.

YOU must hurry if you are to receive your Gift Set in time for Christmas. A greatly increased staff is dispatching these Gift Sets as quickly as possible. Readers who have not already sent in their Gift Voucher are urged to do so at once.

"John Bull" presents you with an Xmas Gift Voucher value 7/-, which will be accepted as cash in part payment of the beautiful 12/6 Writing Set De Luxe. The raven black pen with its graceful streamline effect delights the eye. The lever self-filling device is simple in action. The pen is fitted with a large nib of 14-carat solid gold with a tip of costly iridium and ink shut-off which prevents it leaking when not in use. It has two inlaid bands of 18-carat rolled gold and a safety pocket-clip. The "Ever-pointed" Pencil to match has an inlaid band of 18-carat rolled gold, fool-proof propel-repel movement, safety pocket-clip and extra leads. Both Pen and Pencil are exquisitely chased. The superb Presentation Case is beautifully coloured and handsomely lined with art satin.

A 5-YEAR GUARANTEE ACCOMPANIES EVERY SET.

"John Bull's" Christmas Gift Coupon.
To "John Bull" Pen Dept., 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I ENCLOSE Gift Voucher value 7/-, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set DE LUXE. I enclose P.O. for 5/6 plus 4d. for postage and insurance, making 5/10 in all.

FINE—MEDIUM—BROAD—OBLIQUE (*Cross out grade of nib NOT required*)

NAME .....
FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....
.....

Write clearly in Block Letters. 14-12-40.

Cross Cheque or Postal Order & Co. and make payable to "John Bull."

POST FORM AT ONCE!

NOW! WARTIME WASHING AID!

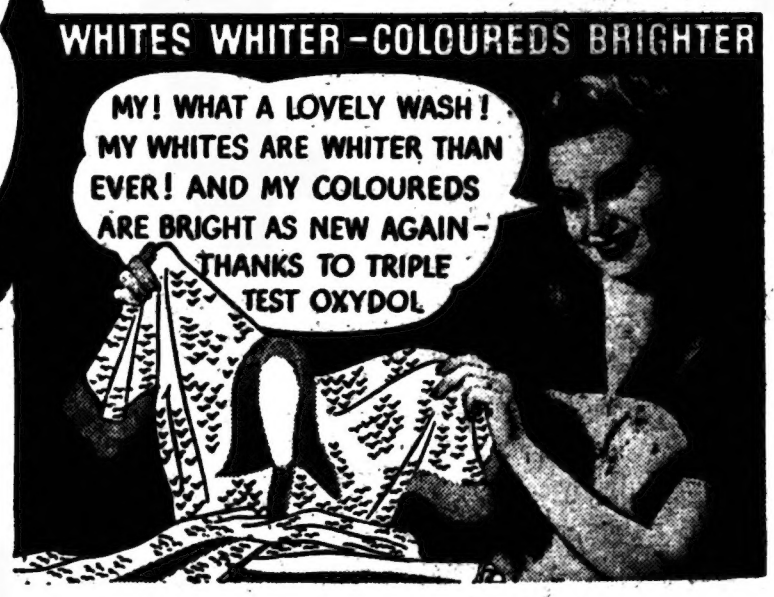
TRIPLE TEST OXYDOL

GOES TWICE AS FAR
I'M SAVING MONEY HAND OVER FIST WITH TRIPLE TEST OXYDOL. IT GOES TWICE AS FAR AS OTHER SOAPS I'VE BEEN USING!
OXYDOL
3 TIMES MORE SUDS
WHAT A LATHER TRIPLE TEST OXYDOL GIVES! JUST ABOUT 3 TIMES AS MUCH AS OLD-FASHIONED SOAPS! IT'S SO GENTLE ON MY HANDS, TOO!

SPECIALLY PRODUCED TO MEET YOUR WARTIME WASHING NEEDS!

TESTED AND PROVED BEST THESE 3 WAYS:

1. **Triple Test Oxydol goes twice as far as many other soaps—does twice as much washing for every penny spent.**
2. **Triple Test Oxydol dissolves instantly—and actually gives 3 times more lather than many other soaps.**
3. **Triple Test Oxydol washes white clothes 4-5 shades whiter . . . keeps coloured clothes 20% brighter!**


WHITES WHITER—COLOUREDS BRIGHTER
MY! WHAT A LOVELY WASH! MY WHITES ARE WHITER THAN EVER! AND MY COLOUREDS ARE BRIGHT AS NEW AGAIN—THANKS TO TRIPLE TEST OXYDOL

TRIPLE TEST

OXYDOL

A BRIGHTER WASH—FOR HALF THE COST!

You can buy Oxydol everywhere: 1/-, 6d. and 3½d.

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE AND MANCHESTER

NOTE! Because Triple Test Oxydol is pressure condensed, it takes up less room and can be put in a smaller packet. This saves valuable cardboard and makes a fine contribution to national economy! And remember, you actually get more washing value in a packet of Triple Test Oxydol than in many other packets twice the size.

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